LOVE TALES from STAGE and SCREEN

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A LUCKY PUBLICATION

November 13, 1928

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Phyllis Haver

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A LUCKY PUBLICATION

ETHEL ROSEMON, *Editor*

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What was her life before she came to live in their town? Was there some dark shadow casting its gloom over those early years? Perhaps this woman is your next-door neighbor; perhaps she sits next to you at the office; anyway, you are sure to find her in your circle of acquaintances. "The Woman With a Past" will hold your interest from beginning to end. Don't fail to read it in HEARTS, dated November 20. Other stories in this special fall feature number are "Domestic Meddlers", "Stool Pigeon", "In the Moonlight" and "The House of the Little Bride".

COMING!

"Captain Swagger", "Melody of Love" and "While the City Sleeps" in MOVING PICTURE STORIES dated November 27. Don't miss this issue.

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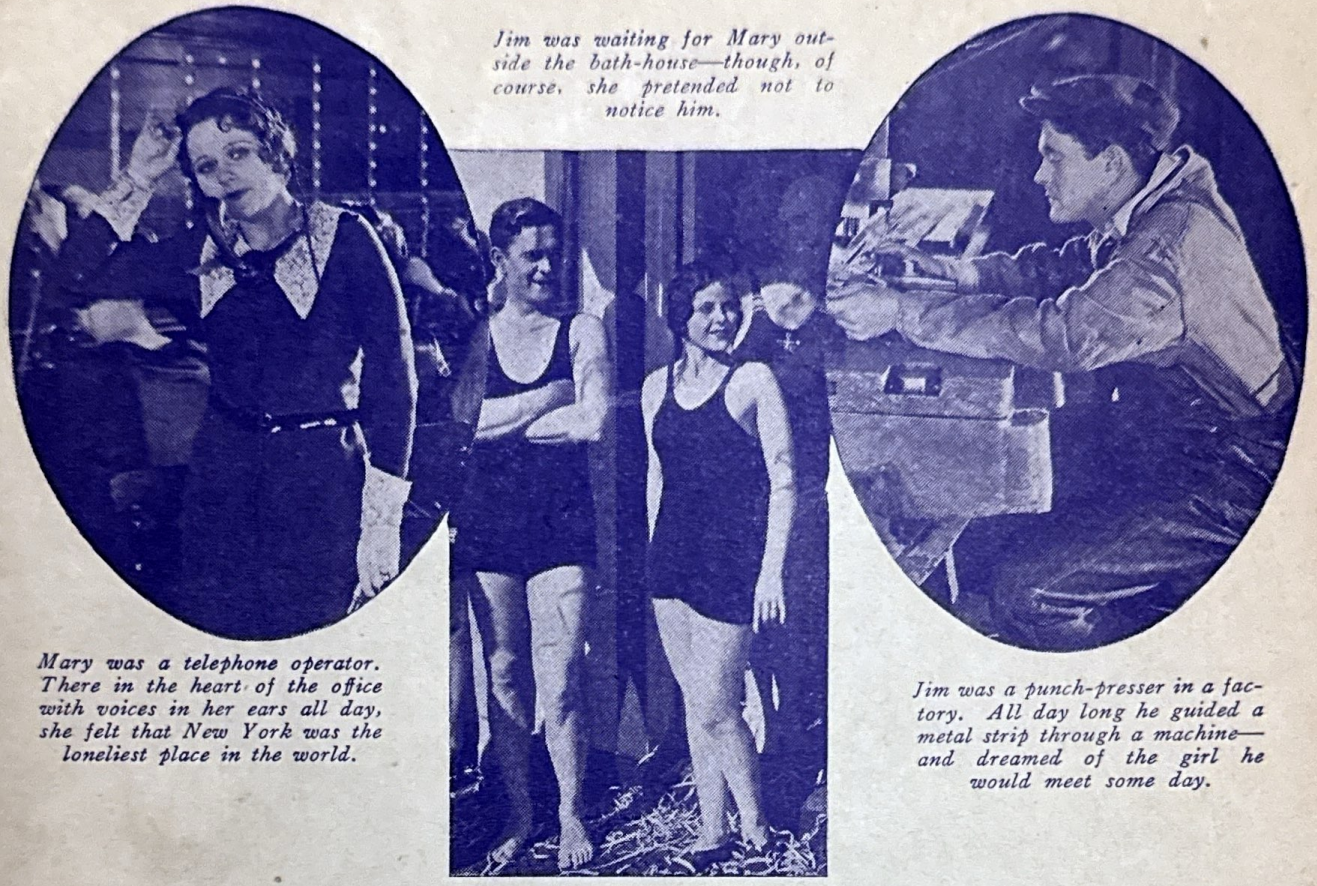


Jim was waiting for Mary outside the bath-house—though, of course, she pretended not to notice him.

Mary was a telephone operator. There in the heart of the office with voices in her ears all day, she felt that New York was the loneliest place in the world.

Jim was a punch-presser in a factory. All day long he guided a metal strip through a machine—and dreamed of the girl he would meet some day.

Millions of other human beings, hurrying, working, playing, loving and dying all around them, and, yet, to the boy and girl the Big City meant just one word

Lonesome

By NAN KING

PERHAPS there is no place in the world so grim, so mysterious, so thrilling with unseen human activity as a great city in the early hours of the morning. Its streets are almost empty for the dawn to walk through on her silver sandals, its houses stand silent, with drawn blinds, like the sleeping folk with closed eyes within. The secret moment of dawning does not last long; the streets awake to early wheels, hurrying footsteps cease to send echoes against the empty walls; within the houses, alarm clocks begin to send their shrill summons to drowsy ears and the city awakes.

Mary awoke and tried to smile forgiveness at the little tin disturber of her peace.

"Oh, clock, you're only doing your duty, but I'm so-o-Oh sleepy! Well, it's another day—no, it's Saturday! Nice!"

Mary was a sunny little creature, shy and sweet and gentle. Too shy to make friends quickly, too gentle to force herself into the easy companionship of the other girls at the telephone exchange, longing to love and to be loved, yet not knowing just how to set about it, Mary felt that New York was a very lonely place. She got up and dressed, powdered her small nose and ran for the subway. Another day—but she would be free at twelve! This was Saturday!

IN another room as small as Mary's, Jim woke and sprang out of bed hastily. He had gone to sleep again after his alarm clock had warned him of the time and now he had to make up the lost minutes. He flung on his clothes, rushed through the formalities of washing and setting-up exercises, grabbed a cup

This is an adaptation of Universal's screen presentation of the original story by Mann Page. Paul Fejos directed, with Glenn Tryon appearing as Jim, Barbara Kent as Mary, Fay Holderness as the Large Lady, Gustav Parthos as the Sentimental Gentleman and Eddie Phillips as the Masher.

of coffee and a cruller at a lunch stand and scrambled into his overalls at the factory just as Mary, several blocks away, was sitting down and adjusting the headpiece of her telephone instrument. The day had begun for two insignificant cogs in the machinery of the Big City, a girl of eighteen and a boy of twenty, a day which began like all the other days since work and the City had claimed them, yet a day which was to end so differently for both of them that they would remember every incident of it all their lives.

Jim was a "punch-presser". All day long he guided a strip of metal along a groove and under the steady "thud-thud" of the machine that bit small, even holes in its length. He worked with his hands and his head was free for many tumbling thoughts—what to do with a hot, sunny Saturday afternoon, whether some day he would be foreman and boss all the fellows that were punch-pressers, why he couldn't find much fun in hanging around corners and speakeasies with the gang, how it was that lots of the fellows had girls; how did a fellow get a girl, anyhow. Gee, it would be nice to have a girl and go out with her Saturday afternoons—*this* Saturday afternoon!

Mary hadn't much time to think. Her neat, pretty ears were always full of the buzz of voices, other people talking to other people—no one ever wanted to talk to Mary except to say:

"Operator, you gave me the wrong number, I want —"

And Mary's sweet voice would answer:

"I'm sorry, Madam. I'm sorry, sir. Will you please excuse it?" even when she *knew* they were lying. It was all part of the job.

TWELVE o'clock! A whistle blared over the factory, a siren lifted above the telephone exchange. From each building, boys and girls, men and women poured out to join the hurrying throng in the streets.

Several of the fellows stopped Jim. He was a "quiet young guy" but "a good kid". Might be fun if he got warmed up a bit.

"Wanta come on over to Nick's and play billiards?"

"Oh, I guess not, fellows. Thanks. It's kinda hot to be indoors."

He didn't say that their cheap talk round those same tables rather sickened him. They meant well—but—what was the use? His machine mate, Joe, stood near him as the others drifted off. Maybe he and Joe could go somewhere together—he liked Joe. But a pretty girl greeted Joe enthusiastically and, though both she and Joe invited Jim to go on a boat-ride with them, Jim saw a button pinned on Joe's lapel, a button that announced cryptically, "Two's company, three's a crowd," and he stifled his desire to accept their invitation.

"Sorry, folks, I've got—got an appointment myself this afternoon."

Joe's girl giggled:

"I'll bet it's with a girl!"

And Jim flushed as he answered bravely and untruthfully:

"You bet it is—and, I'll tell you, she's a dream!"

When they had gone off laughing, the boy turned homeward with a rueful little smile twisting his lips.

"She's a—dream—all right!" he murmured as he climbed the long flight of stairs to his room.

MARY had refused an invitation, too. Mamie and Bess had asked her to come along "on a party" with them and their boy friends, but Mary had looked at the little tin roadster owned by one of the boy friends and calculated just how hard it was going to be to pack four young things into it—let alone five. She did not relish the idea of having to sit on the lap of one of the boy friends, either. And so she smiled and said she was sorry but she really couldn't. She "had an appointment". And she went along the hot, glaring street to the subway and at last reached the tidy, stuffy little room that was "home".

Someone in the next room started a tune on a rasping gramaphone and then turned it off, just as the girl thought she could not stand another note of the cheerful, rackety music. She picked up a magazine and fanned her hot face. It was terribly warm; the walls seemed to stifle her. She wished—she didn't know just what it was she wanted, but suddenly she felt that she wanted something—terribly. Outside in the street, a gay burst of music sang up to her window. She leaned out and looked down. She could glimpse just a crack of the street between the close walls of the courtyard and she saw that the music was coming from a group of bandsmen dressed as clowns on a be-flagged advertising truck. Big letters proclaimed:

"Come to the Beach! Carnival day to-day and lots of fun. Come to the Beach!"

Mary drew her head in. Suddenly she knew what she wanted to do. She put on her prettiest dress and the big, soft straw hat with the drooping blue rose on the side—and she went to the beach.

Jim, growing hotter and hotter in his little room, wandered restlessly about. He didn't want to read; he didn't want to tinker with his home-made radio set. He would have gone out, only there was nowhere to go. Suddenly a burst of gay music sang up to his window. He put his head out and saw an advertising truck passing in the street. The musicians were dressed as clowns and along the side of the truck he read the beckoning words:

"Come to the Beach!"

He realized that it might be fun—the sea would be there and music and happy people. He put on his good suit and went to the beach.

THEY saw each other quite early in the afternoon. Mary thought:

"He looks awfully nice, but of course—"

And Jim thought:

"I wish I knew her, but I don't see how to start—"

Hand in hand, they dashed from one palace of enchantment to another, two happy children in fairyland together.

He kept a sidelong eye on the pretty face under the wide hat, and, noticing her swift dismissal of an adventurous "masher" by means of a long pin which she unfastened, looking purposefully from it to the insinuating smile of the annoyer who promptly disappeared, he felt admiration for her courage as well as for her adorable, shy smile as she walked through the milling, jostling crowds, cool and aloof but enjoying every moment of it all.

Mary was intensely conscious of his presence, always near her but never annoying. She liked him for not trying to speak to her and, at the same time, wished shyly that something would happen so that he could. Jim prayed for something to happen so that he could dash to her rescue or save her from a mad dog or pick up her handkerchief. Anything would do! When she went toward the bath-houses, he was delighted. Perhaps he could rescue her from drowning if she went in bathing. He was waiting outside the bath-house as she came out, and she knew he was. Her pretty color deepened as she saw him, though she made no other sign.

She sat on the beach, a lovely, slender figure in her deep blue bathing suit. Jim dropped down on the sand—near, but not too near. He was a big, clean-limbed lad, and he looked well in a bathing suit, too. Mary noticed that and noticed as well that his glance was as shy and honest as that of a friendly pup. So, when he began to do stunts, to stand on his hands and indulge in other minor acrobatics, she permitted herself a long-drawn "Oo-oo-h!" of admiration. He took the hint at once and came nearer to her side.

"It's a beautiful day," he said bashfully.

"Beautiful!" she echoed.

"It's just perfect!" he said. She nodded. There was a silence for long minutes, then he drew a deep breath and plunged. "The sky and the water are so blue—so shining blue—like your eyes."

She dropped dark lashes over the blue eyes but there was a lurking dimple playing at the corner of her lips.

"Ah—say—you're kidding, aren't you?"

Her voice was soft and huskily sweet. He moved nearer still, vehement with eager assurance.

"No, I'm not—honest to goodness, I'm telling the absolute truth. Just as blue—bluer! They remind me of the sea when I'm far out on the ocean in my—yacht."

The blue eyes opened wide.

"Oo-oo-oh! Have you got a yacht?"

He glowed.

"I'll say I have—a beauty. But it gets a bit boring, you know. One's friends are always coming around to go out for boat-rides. I like to get away from the crowd once in awhile."

Her innocent eyes took in the packed bathing beach and the clamorous voices that surrounded them.

"Yes," she said, "I felt like that, too—about society. I simply broke all my engagements this afternoon and just slipped away."

There was an undertone of seriousness and intimacy beneath the delightful fooling. Presently the boy swung round and faced the girl.

"Look here, I don't want to keep on kidding. I'm just a punch-presser in a factory."

Her smile beamed out from the blue eyes.

"I'm just a telephone operator! Gee, I'm glad your yacht is as much a dream as my society! I'll bet we've been reading the same magazine story in the *Sat'd'y Evening Post*, wasn't it?"

"Where he thought she was a society girl and she thought he was a millionaire? Sure we have! Say I'm glad we're not so dumb as they were. What's your name?"

"Mary."

"Gee, that's a pretty name! Mary. Mine's Jim."

"Come on in and bathe, Jim."

NEVER had an afternoon sped so fast or so happily. They came out of the water and sat on the beach until the moon came up. Jim had to bribe the bath-house keeper to let him get his clothes and Mary's, for the bath-house had been closed for an hour. But it was all a glorious joke, and, when the rescued garments had been donned, they took hands and ran through the shining gates of the amusement park as though they were running into fairyland—as indeed they were. The fun of riding through the dark of the "Love Mine" in a little cart drawn by a donkey, sitting very close together and not saying much, but feeling—oh, wonderful! The thrill of holding tight to each other in the intoxicating speed of the switchbacks, and glamor of the lighted pool as they swept down the chutes! Afterward, they danced together while the orchestra played, "Always".

There never was such an evening, until—they lost each other!

They had intended to repeat the excitement of the "Sky Rider" and Mary stayed in the car while Jim went to get two more tickets. A large and sentimental gentleman with a larger and very dressy lady loomed into sight and the lady pulled her companion toward one car while he attempted to drag her toward another.

"Take your seats! Take your seats!" shouted the conductor.

The large lady squealed excitedly and flung herself into one car, thinking that her escort was following. But he, thinking that she was just behind, made a dive for the other, plunging into the empty seat beside Mary just as Jim came running back with the tickets. The cars began to roll. There was no time for readjustment, and Jim had to leap in beside the large lady in the second car. There were mutual shoutings, explanations, rueful laughter at the incident and away they all went. Sometimes the two cars got within hailing distance in their swift career and Jim would wave to Mary and the large lady would wave to her sentimental escort.

"See you at the end of the track!" they called over the happy shrieks that rose every time the cars took a long plunge.

And then Jim saw something that made his blood run cold—Mary's car had a locked wheel and a stream of dangerous sparks had kindled a swirl of smoke flame beneath the wooden frame. He pointed it to the conductor and a cry arose, "Fire! Fire!" turned deadly white and Jim called:

"Mary! Keep your head! It's all right—Mary!"

But Mary's head had dropped over against the large gentleman's shoulder. She had fainted.

They brought the car to a halt at the landing platform before any great damage was done and an extinguisher quenched the fire. An agitated crowd gathered round as they lifted the fainting girl from her seat, and Jim, leaping from the following car, tried to push through to her side. A brawny policeman blocked his way.

"Stand back there—you! It's only a lady fainted! Stop pushing, I say—you darn fool! Getting rough, are you? Take that!"

Jim suddenly found himself seized roughly by the collar and dragged out of the crowd toward the police station, half a block from the scene. He writhed in the grip of the Law and kept on protesting:

"But that was my girl—don't you see—she was my girl!"

"Tell it to the Sergeant," barked the cop, and Jim found himself before a huge uniformed figure that leaned over a desk.

"Now, now, sonny, don't talk so much. What's the charge, officer?"

"Abusive language and resisting the police. He—"

"Well, why wouldn't I resist him? My girl fainted and I wanted to get to her and he stopped me! Gee!"

"Your girl, eh? What is her name?"

Suddenly the world seemed to spin round Jim's head. He flushed darkly, hesitated and looked up with desperate eyes.

"Mary. I—I don't know her other name. I only met her today."

The face of the Law wore a heavy frown.

"Picked her up, huh? Well, I think we'll put you in the cooler for a while—for picking girls up and resisting an officer."

The policeman put a hand on his shoulder but this was the last straw. Jim gave him a mighty shove and fairly clung to the Sergeant's desk.

"No, you can't do that to me! You mustn't—you don't understand! I didn't pick her up—not like you mean it. She's a good kid—a sweet kid—and I love her! I want to ask her to marry me! Gee—oh, gee! You're a fine lot of cops, I'll say! You're so used to dealing with dirty, rotten crooks that you can't tell when a man's straight! Gosh! Fine kind of detectives you are! Oh, golly, Sergeant, you'll let me go back and find Mary! I'll lose her if you don't!"

The frantic pathos of the boy's voice struck a chord somewhere under the hard-boiled exterior of the Law. The Sergeant actually smiled.

"Get along with you, get along before I throw you in the hoosegow for being fresh! Let him out officer."

"Oh, gee, d'you mean it? Oh, boy!" He turned buoyantly toward the policeman who had a

When Mary came to, she looked round for his friendly face—but Jim was gone! Where was he? Mary was terrified.

The funny, little tintype Mary and Jim had taken at the beach was the only souvenir the lonely little girl had of that happy day.

him. "Your boss has some sense," he said, "but as for you, you big stiff—I wish you'd go an' jump in the lake!"

Then he was off, speeding along the boardwalk to the place where he had left Mary. The Sergeant looked after him with twinkling eyes, saying to his disgruntled henchman:

"The boy's all right. In love, that's all, and there's no way of jailing 'em for that!"

But Mary was not at the platform of the "Sky Rider" when Jim reached there, panting and breathless. In answer to the boy's vehement questions, the ticket man said:

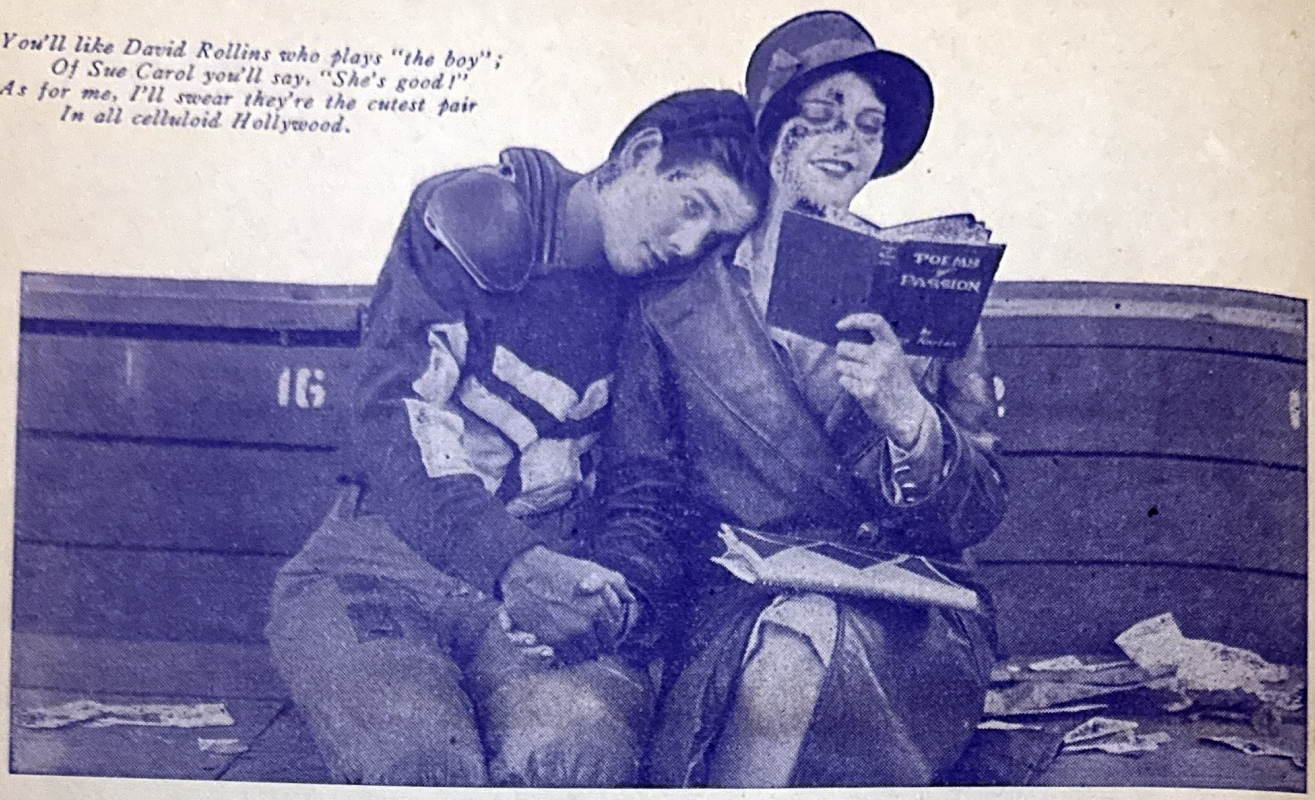
"She felt all right after a bit and asked for Jim. You? Well, then, she went off to find you, I guess."

Jim looked all round. Nowhere could he see the slender little figure or the big drooping hat with the blue rose. He mingled with the milling crowd, searching, peering, hunting with ever-growing panic in his heart. And the pathetic fact was that in that same crowd Mary was hunting, searching, looking for him, wondering what had happened, frightened and alone. Over and over again they crossed each other's tracks; over and over again came within almost a hand's breadth of each other, but missed seeing the looked-for face. A chill gust of wind blew up, heralding a storm and great drops of rain began to fall. The crowds hurried into shelter or scudded for the subway. Poor Jim, heavy-hearted and miserable, sloshed through the rain, still searching, and hope died in his heart. Where could he find her? Mary! Mary! How could he look through the whole Big City where there were so many Marys, so many telephone operators? It would take years, and, even then, it wasn't very hopeful.

And Mary, her slim dress clinging damply to her little body, drooped disconsolately and gave up the fruitless quest. She made for the subway and her eyes were filled with tears. How could she ever find Jim among all the other Jim's in New York, among all the hundreds of other punch-pressers in the hundreds of factories? What could have happened to him? Something terrible, surely, for never once did she think that Jim might have left her on purpose—just dropped out.

MARY climbed the steep stairs to her room and sat down on the edge of the bed. In her arms she held a gayly-dressed Kewpie doll that Jim had won for her at the shooting gallery—all she had of Jim except the funny little photo that had been taken, with shouts of laughter, at the tintype man's stand. All there was of Jim! And now she would never see him again. In the next room that rasping phonograph began to play. Tears rushed up into the blue eyes. The thing was playing "Always", the tune that she and Jim danced to, "I'll be loving you always, always."

(*Continued on page* 28)



You'll like David Rollins who plays "the boy";
Of Sue Carol you'll say, "She's good!"
As for me, I'll swear they're the cutest pair
In all celluloid Hollywood.

Gotham Gleanings

By LOUIS WESLYN

"WIN THAT GIRL"

(A William Fox Production, Reviewed at the Roxy Theatre)

Here is a movie of college life,
A story of "Rah-rah boys",
Once more there's the same old football game,
With varying woes and joys.

These pictures are all pretty much alike,
They finish the same old way,
When "the boy" wins fame in the "great big game"
And captures "the girl" that day.

The plot has been used many times, you know,
But still, when all's said and done,
You're likely to find that this film's the kind
That stirs up a heap of fun.

There's many a scene that provokes your mirth,
And many a clever "shot";
You'll laugh out loud at the football crowd,
So what do you care for plot?

You'll like David Rollins who plays "the boy";
Of Sue Carol you'll say, "She's good!"
As for me, I'll swear they're the cutest pair
In all celluloid Hollywood.

"THE FLEET'S IN"

(A Paramount Production, Reviewed at the Paramount Theatre)

The Fleet arrives in 'Frisco,
The sailors go ashore;
Their sweeties swarm about them,
A hundred girls or more.

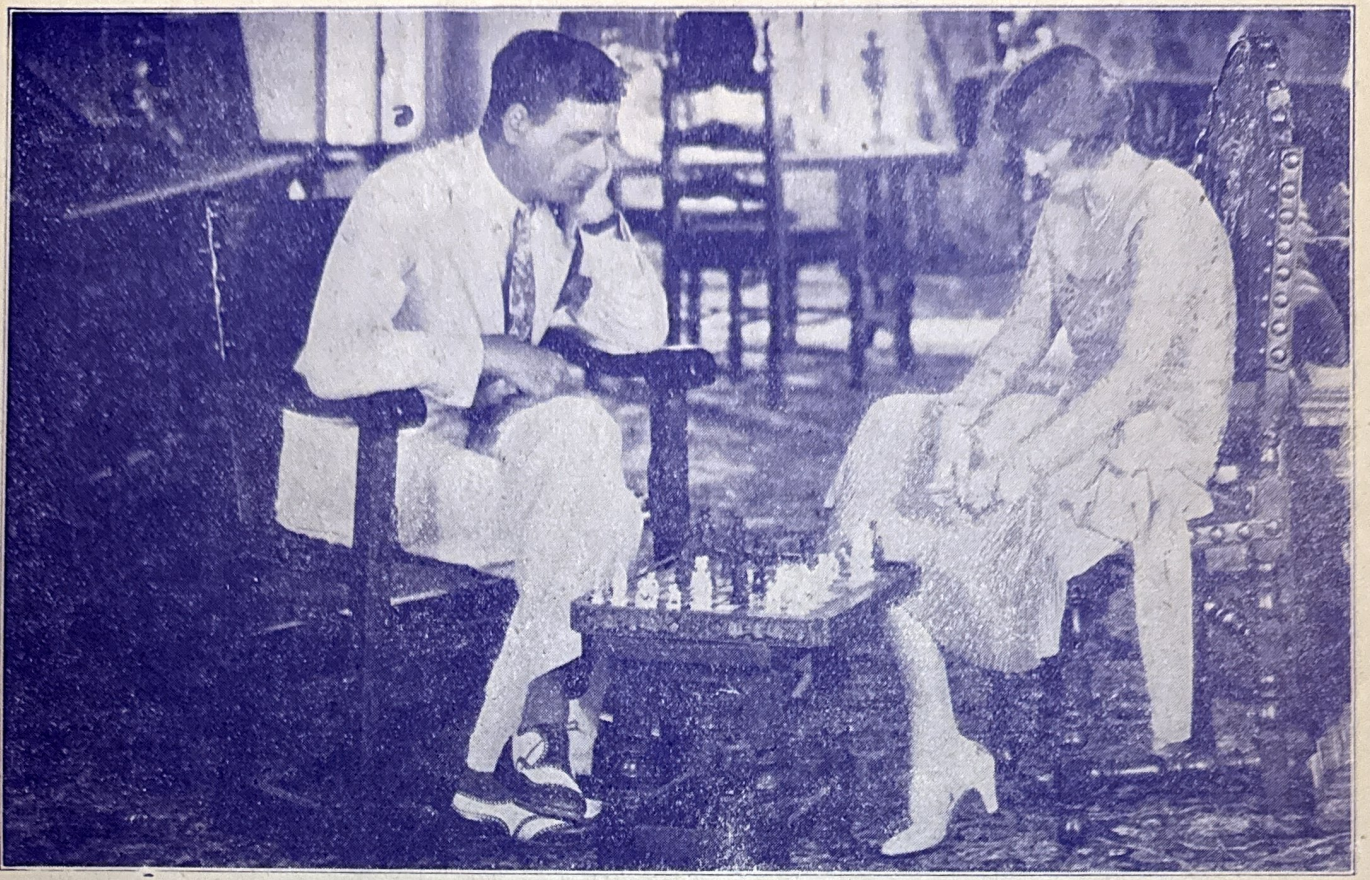
Now, one of them is Peachie,
(Of course, that's Clara Bow)
A little dance hall hostess
Who's out to get the dough.

She flirts with all the fellows,
But still she's good as gold;
We *must* believe sub-titles,
And that's what we are told.

A gob by name of Eddie
Is smitten with the gal;
And so's a gob named Salty
Who once was Eddie's pal.

The boys become such rivals
That at a dance one night,

(Continued on page 29)



Besides being picture stars, Milton Sils and his lovely wife, Doris Kenyon, are writers of real ability.

Real Stories from Reel Life

By EDNA DEMAREST

A RUMOR has drifted in from somewhere that Milton Sills is writing a book. We are not surprised. Mr. Sills is not only one of the soundest "troupers" of the celluloid world, but he is also one of the brainiest of our actors. They used to say that, whenever Milton Sills wasn't around when wanted, he was probably off getting a Ph.D. degree at some university. So the book, if the rumor is true, will probably be a highly intellectual work. Perhaps, though, he may do a "strong, silent he-man" thriller. He has acted so many of them that he ought to know all about it.

Milton's beautiful wife, Doris Kenyon, has, as everyone knows, brought out more than one book of very charming poetry. She is as talented as she is attractive and we hope that Kenyon Sills, that very important two-year-old idol of his parents, will not take up so much of his mother's time that she will stop writing.

AND, speaking of writing, that nice boy-kid, George Offerman, Jr., dropped into the office the other day with his mother to tell us that he has a part in the new Shubert musical show, "Music in May". Not content to rest upon his young laurels as an actor in the spoken drama—he had a nice rôle in "Strange Interlude"—and, in motion pictures, he had a featured part in "The Girl on the Barge" with Jean Hersholt—this ten-year-old laddie writes stories! He said that his uncle gave him a Corona typewriter and that he is writing a book called "The Raven's Nest", "a long book and awfully exciting!" We wish him luck with the publishers!

WE HOPE that there is nothing in the well-known "thirteen's unlucky" superstition, if only for the sake of Louis Natheaux. He says himself that he is dreading his next death because it will be the thirteenth demise in his varied career. Thirteen deaths? Oh, yes, indeed—Louis Natheaux is the oftenest-killed villain in the movies! He has been shot, stabbed, and drowned through a round dozen of exciting pictures and has over-past the proverbial nine lives of a cat by three. The last one was in "Ned McCobb's Daughter", the Pathé picture featuring Irene Rich—And the next? Well, Louis Natheaux will be very glad when it is over.

Flotsam and jetsam of the seven seas, washed up on an island beach, there to lie and rot—flotsam and jetsam of what had once been tall ships —flotsam and jetsam of what had once been men but what were now just

Driftwood

By GEORGE THOMPSON

MIDDAY sleep brooded along the length of golden beach that stretched along the island shore as far as the eye could follow in that glare of sunlight. Only three things moved—the drowsy blue waves that lapped along the sand, a monkey, peering jerkily down from the green tufts of a palm, and a round object, bobbing up and down in the sea, apparently moving in toward shore—flotsam, from the schooner that was moored in the offing.

But it did not move like flotsam. It came with too much purpose and deliberation. The monkey's curiosity was roused and, being a gregarious little beast, he was anxious to share his discovery. There was a man lying very still down there on the beach. Why didn't he rouse and look at the interesting object coming in from the sea? The monkey came down the palm-trunk in long leaps and poked the man who lay like a log on the sand. His faded cotton clothing blended with the tawny-white sand and his skin was tanned and bleached to almost the same color. He looked like a fragment of driftwood tossed up there in some long-forgotten storm and left to rot—driftwood.

The monkey chattered into his face and then sprang upon his chest, leaping up and down like a crazy acrobat. The man opened a pair of young sullen eyes and sat up with an ejaculation that sent the little animal scurrying for shelter. But he had accomplished his purpose. The man's glance fell upon the thing that the monkey had seen, now plainly discernable as a swimmer, making for land with energy and determination. The man watched idly; then, as the swimmer came ashore, his dark eyes widened with a flicker of curiosity as he saw that it was a girl who came, dripping, from the sea—a girl in a man's oversize bathing suit with an oilskin-wrapped bundle slung over her shoulders. Having seen, he evinced no further interest. His lids drooped again and he seemed to sleep. Jim Curtis had fallen so far in the human scale that even curiosity was almost too much of an effort.

The girl almost stumbled over him as she came up the beach.

"Say," she demanded, "where can a lady go to dry out?"

The beachcomber's lids lifted again.

"You can go into my shack up there if you want to," he said, pointing vaguely up the shore.

Her bright, inquisitive stare took him in from head to feet, but he was again sunk in lethargy. She shrugged her slim shoulders and went up to the dilapidated shack he had pointed out. Once there, she opened the bundle and took from it a chemise, a short skirt, high-heeled slippers, a shirtwaist and a pert little hat whose fluffy feather was not in the least injured by its journey by sea. The girl smiled and took from the skirt pocket a flat handbag containing a pair of stockings and a handful of bright bead necklaces. In a few minutes she was attired for something like the civilization which she saw from the window—a cluster of roofs a quarter of a mile along the beach that she supposed was the seaport.

As she watched, the beachcomber arose and made his stumbling way toward the houses. He did not glance back at his shack; probably he had forgotten her existence. Then she saw something else that made her draw back from the window—a boat was putting out from shore, and a man sat in the thwarts, a man with stock shoulders and a white sun helmet. That was Barlow, the owner of the schooner.

The girl watched till she saw the boat come alongside the vessel and the drooping sails begin to rise and spread to the off-shore breeze, then she waved a mocking hand in the direction of the departing schooner and proceeded to walk nonchalantly along the road taken by the beachcomber half an hour before.

MEANWHILE, in the office of the Casino, the manager, Johnson, having settled a matter of business satisfactorily with Barlow, sat at his ease, a drink at his elbow and a discontented scowl on his rugged face. Near him crouched his native "woman", Lola, her dark eyes hungry and unhappy. She had heard the master of the schooner say in his complacent way:

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Richard Harding Davis. Lilly Hayward wrote the scenario and Christy Cabanne directed, with Don Alvarado appearing as Jim Curtis, Marceline Day as Daisy Smith, Alan Roscoe as Johnson, J. W. Johnston as Barlow, Fred Holmes as "Doc" Prouty, Fritzi Brunette as Lola, Nora Cecil as Mrs. Prouty and Joe Mack as Lopez.

"Get up and fight like a man!" Daisy said to the fallen beachcomber.

Johnson's attentions to Daisy became more and more pressing as the evening went on.

"Don't you wish you were in my shoes, Johnson? I've got a white girl aboard—picked her up in Sydney. Pretty as hell, but a little wildcat—phew! I'll tame her all right, in time. Had to lock her up in her cabin this morning."

And Johnson had replied:

"White! Lucky devil! I'd keep her in a glass case if she was mine. They're as scarce as hen's teeth round here."

Lola saw that the thought of the white woman was dominating her master's mind. He looked up morosely as he heard a noisy dispute coming from the bar, then arose and strode out there. The bartender gestured threateningly at a man who drooped lethargically, with his arms on the counter.

"This guy Curtis comes in an' orders whiskey, drinks three shots straight an' then shows me empty pockets!"

Johnson took the beachcomber by the back of his faded collar and half dragged him to the door. He flung him down the steps, followed and began kicking the prone figure viciously.

Suddenly a high young voice brought him to a halt and he felt a pair of small fists pummeling his broad chest.

"Lay off him, you big bully!" shrilled the girl. "Kicking a man when he's down! Let him get up and fight you fair!"

Johnson's sullen face broke into an appreciative grin as he took in the flashing eyes, the red, angry mouth and the trim little figure of the newcomer. He dragged Curtis to his feet and pointed at him.

"Save your breath over him, Miss. He wouldn't fight anyone—he's yellow!"

At his words, something like a faint glint of spirit showed in the dull eyes of the drunkard, but it vanished immediately and he turned and slunk away. The girl looked after him with contemptuous pity.

"I guess you're right, Mister. Well, now that I'm here, maybe you can tell me where the hotel is. I'm staying in this burg till the next boat for Sydney. How about it? Name's Smith, Daisy Smith."

"There isn't a hotel here, but there's a boarding-house across the street run by Mrs. Prouty. I'll take you over—else she mightn't want to take you. But what I say goes on this island. I'm manager of the Plantations and the Casino and anything else that amounts to anything. Make a friend of me and the world's yours, girlie."

"Well, now—isn't that just fine, Mr.—Mr.—Johnson. I'll surely remember what you've told me."

SO Daisy Smith was duly installed at Mrs. Prouty's, and Johnson went back to arrange a party with the newcomer as guest of honor. The girl, bright-eyed and curious, was not a whit abashed at being the cen-

ter of an admiring group of men, but she noticed that, as the evening wore on and Johnson paid her more and more attention, the others dropped away. They knew better than to interfere with the boss's new conquest.

The native girl, Lola, watched with burning eyes until she could stand it no longer. She sprang toward the couch where Johnson was sitting with Daisy, and there was the glint of a knife as her hand lifted. Johnson wrenched it from her and dragged her from the room. Daisy followed in time to see the brown girl thrown out of the house and to hear her piteous voice:

"No make Lola go! Lola lof' you, work for you! Now you take white woman into your house! Oh! Oh!"

When Johnson returned, he found that Daisy had put on the hat with the fluffy feathers and was all prepared to go. She faced him defiantly.

"That's the second time to-day I've seen you bully people—and I don't like it. And, say, what gave you the idea that I'd come and live in your house, anyhow? Good-night, Mr. Johnson. Will one of you other gentlemen please see me home?"

"Doc" Prouty and another elderly planter gallantly sprang to her side and between them she walked gaily home, while Johnson's sulky look followed them. Lopez, his henchman and ally, sidled up to him.

"There's only one way you can get that kind—marry 'em! Once you've done that, you can do what you please. Tip off the Consul to tell her she's got to marry or get a job or be deported. There aren't no jobs for white girls here. The Consul's putty in your hands. Tip him off to tell her to marry you."

"You've hit on it. Get him up here pronto."

The next day Daisy Smith faced the sly-faced old consul.

"You sent for me and now you tell me to marry or work or get put out. Well, I'll work if you'll find me the work. But I'm not taking your advice on whom to marry—or any man's. When I marry, I'll pick my own husband, thank you. Good-by."

Johnson, looking up from his desk at the Casino, was sure his plan had worked when he saw the door swing open and Daisy Smith enter. She smiled across at him.

"Sorry I blew up last night, 'King'. I guess I'm not used to your little ways yet. Say, can you give me a job dancing here?"

"Why should I?" he said calmly. "The native girls dance for nothing. Consul told you to get married or get out—eh? Well, I'll marry you. Too bad to have a pretty girl like you deported. And I'm crazy about you—you little devil—come here!"

Before she could resist, the man's arms were round her and he was covering her face and neck with hot kisses. She kicked, scratched and bit, finally tearing herself loose from his embrace to face him with blazing eyes.

"Get away from me! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! You may be boss round here but you can't boss *me!*"

"Is that so?" he snarled. "You swam ashore from Barlow's schooner, didn't you? Well, Barlow'll be glad to get you back. What do you say to that?" For the first time her eyes held a hint of panic, and man came nearer. "Well, do you hear me?"

At that moment the door was thrust open and Chris Lopez entered.

"There's a mutiny among the natives on the plantation, Chief! Come quickly! Hell's brewing down there!"

Johnson strapped on his revolver and followed, but he turned at the door to say to the girl:

"Remember what I said. I'll give you till I get back, to decide—and you'd better decide right."

He was gone, and that look of panic returned to Daisy Smith's eyes. There must be some way out—there must! She looked from the doorway of the office across the Casino and recognized the figure of Curtis, the beachcomber. He was sitting at a table, his head down upon his arms, asleep. His pockets were pulled inside out to show their empty linings and it struck Daisy that in this piece of human driftwood she might find the solution to her problem.

She went over to his table and shook him into wakefulness. He looked at her, glazed of eye and dazed of brain. Slowly his benumbed senses realized that this girl was offering him ten dollars—ten dollars, an orgy of happy tippling—for something. He could not quite understand for what. He must go with her—that was it—and then she would give him ten dollars. He would go anywhere, do anything for ten dollars, and so, leaning heavily upon Daisy and staggering heavily along the sandy road, Jim Curtis went to his wedding. The whole thing was like the vaguest of dreams to him, the star-strewn night, the missionary who married them, the girl who stood, firm-lipped and capable, at his side. A few minutes after the ceremony, with the precious ten dollars clutched in his hand, he stumbled back to the Casino.

The next morning, broke and haggard from his night of drinking, he trudged up the steps of his shack and stood, astonished into something like sobriety, by the sight of the girl who was busily engaged in tidying up his living-room.

"What are *you* doing here?"

"Fixing up our mansion. I'm your wife. Don't you remember?"

"Wife?"

"Yes Sirree—Mrs. Jim Curtis. I bought you and your name for ten dollars last night and I intend to make use of the name until my boat calls. Then I'll go to Sydney and you can forget that I ever happened."

"You—bought—me—for ten dollars?"

Suddenly he began to laugh, and, still laughing, he turned and left the shack. She saw him sink down upon a piece of driftwood as though to think over the situation. Then he got up and went along the beach to where a steamer was loading copra. There was more purpose in his gait than she had seen since the day she landed.

So, leaning heavily on Daisy and stumbling along, Jim Curtis went to his wedding.

"No make Lola go! Lola lof' you, work for you!" the girl pleaded piteously.

The fact was that Jim Curtis had been suddenly stung back to manhood by the fact that this strange woman had bought him for a mere ten dollars. He had fallen low—but surely not so low as that! His innate pride, so long dormant, stirred and woke, and he went straight to the master of the steamer. A job—any job—was his plea, and so it happened that all day long, under the broiling sun, Jim Curtis toiled up and down the gangplank, loading copra beside sweating natives.

With the five dollars that he had earned carefully tucked into the lining of his shoe, he returned, dead tired but thoroughly sober, to the shack. Entering, he perceived with sullen appreciation how one day's work had changed the place from an untidy muddle to a livable abode. Daisy was cooking something that smelled temptingly savory and Jim suddenly realized that he was desperately hungry. He tried to resent the girl and all her works, but her bright mocking smile and the scent of the food overcame his stubborn, new-born pride.

"Might as well sit down at the table and eat with me—while I'm here to cook for you," she said.

He glanced down at his grimy hands and mumbled something about washing up and, while he was washing, he happened to glance into the little mirror that hung above the basin. It was a long time since Jim Curtis had noticed his own appearance, and now it struck him with a sense of shock. He was so dirty, unshaven and unkempt. Almost involuntarily his hand sought for razor and soap. For the first time in many weeks Jim Curtis was shaving!

Daisy's eyes widened when he came to table. Why, he was young—this sodden beachcomber—young and boyishly handsome! His hard day's work had taken the glazed look from his eyes and the girl could read in the sensitive lines of his mouth that there was a real man somewhere in him—sunk and out of sight for a time, perhaps, but capable of reawakening. She smiled at him, more kindly now, as she heaped his plate with savory stew and asked him how he had come to be so careless of himself.

"Oh, I got into a scrape at home—killed a man. I had a fierce temper, but it was an accident. So I came out here and drifted—just drifted. Nobody cared—and I certainly didn't, either."

There was something very motherly in the way she watched him as he ate, but he was still suspicious and resentful of her. The thought of that ten dollars was gall to his soul. He got up abruptly after the meal and

"You got in my way," said Johnson. "Now I'm going to send you to the leper colony, and I shall console your wife in your absence."

"Where are you going—after we reach Sydney?" he asked. "Wherever you go—if you want me," she said.

went to sit on the steps overlooking the moonlit beach.

Presently, her clearing up done, Daisy slipped out and sat beside him. From somewhere in the shadows the low croon of a native love-song drifted up to them and the man stirred uneasily. It was a glamorous night, a night for lovers, and across the minds of both flashed the thought of how wonderful such a night would be if love sat there with them. They were young—and lonely—and the night was sweet. But neither said a word.

THE next day Jim worked hard and returned in the evening with a second five dollars tucked into his shoe. Now he was even. He could pay off this girl who had broken into his life so high-handedly. At the sound of voices from the living-room of the shack, he paused and listened. Johnson had returned from the plantation and had sought out Daisy.

"You can't stay here with that yellow pup!" Jim heard him snarl. "You leave him cold and come to me or I'll break every bone in his body. You thought you were pretty smart going off and marrying him! Well, I'll show you—"

There was the sound of a sudden movement in the room and the girl's low cry:

"Stop! Let go my wrist! You're hurting me, you beast! I tell you I'm married to Jim Curtis and I'm staying right here with him as long as I choose—and he's the only one who can throw me out."

A light sprang into the eyes of the listening man, and he thrust open the door. Johnson turned just in time to take a stiff uppercut to the jaw that sent him flying. He got up again with fury in his eyes and launched himself at the other man. Backward and forward they fought in the narrow room, while the girl looked on with wonder and excitement in her eyes. Jim's new-found pride lent him strength, and his lithe young body had not had time to suffer too much from

(Continued on page 29)

Kathryn Crawford: "Oh, I think you're wonderful."
Glenn Tryon: "I knew your judgment was good the minute I looked at you." ("The Kid's Clever," Universal.)

Fun from the Flickers

By SONNY SMILES

Officer Muldoon—so suspicious he carried a mirror, to watch his own shadow. ("A Taxi Scandal," Pathé.)

* * *

"Anytime your engine's missing—we'll replace it." ("A Taxi Scandal.")

* * *

"If you weren't my wife, I'd divorce you." ("A Taxi Scandal.")

* * *

Many a lad has set out to write his name in History, only to return home for more pencils. ("A Dumb Waiter," Pathé.)

* * *

Handy Andy left school fired with ambition—and left his first ten jobs—fired by request. ("A Dumb Waiter.")

* * *

Mazie of the Chorus—light of head and heavy of appetite. ("A Dumb Waiter.")

* * *

Joe Sharkey—a pugilist who had kissed more than the canvas. ("A Dumb Waiter.")

* * *

"It's too bad your hat wasn't on your head when it got smashed!" ("Smith's Rodeo," Mack Sennett-Pathé.)

Magnolia, the cook's daughter—just a little carbon copy of her mother. ("Smith's 'Uncle Tom'," Mack Sennett-Pathé.)

* * *

Bill Jones had been Smith's best friend before they became neighbors. ("Smith's 'Uncle Tom'.")

* * *

Andy MacTavish—so stingy he even refused to wear suspenders because they might give. ("Smith's 'Uncle Tom'.")

* * *

Charity covers a multitude of sins—including amateur plays. ("Smith's 'Uncle Tom'.")

* * *

"I've come to buy Uncle Tom."

"Must we sell Uncle Tommy?"

"Yes, darling—there's still one payment due on the radio!" ("Smith's 'Uncle Tom'.")

* * *

The Overland Limited was headed East—because the engine was pointed that way. ("A Hollywood Hero," Mack Sennett-Pathé.)

* * *

Jim Savage, just a jealous husband trying to get along—with his wife. ("A Hollywood Hero.")

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON SEVENTY-TWO (Reviewed)

Has your script been written and then rewritten?

OF the many scripts submitted to this department, a large number do not come in the class mentioned in the title of this article. They are obviously "just tossed off", and successful plays for stage and screen are not written that way. Even a genius couldn't do it, for genius, they say, is "An infinite capacity for taking pains." You know that your mothers have often told you, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," and that isn't hokum either; it's stark, naked truth. If you don't write and rewrite, you discover that your play won't stand a chance.

You'll find that characters which are necessary to round it out properly have been left out or that you have given scenes to people who really do not matter, have wasted the footage that should have been used to forward the action. You may say that I have often told you to collect scenes and incidents in your commonplace book to create atmosphere. That is true, but they should also help to forward the action. The introduction of a scene which is utterly irrelevant to the plot or the use of a character who, however interesting in himself or herself, doesn't belong, isn't at all what I meant. All your characters and all your scenes should be necessary to advance the plot.

But even more scripts come to me with loose ends, as it were. Characters are dropped in the middle of the play. Incidental characters may be used this way, just as people we meet in real life may have some important influence in our lives and then drop out, but you can't use in this way those who start out as the principal factors in your play. In a script recently reviewed for the company with which I am connected, a script sent in by a professional writer with whose name you are all familiar, the story started out with the hero's mother's taking quite a prominent part, and then suddenly, without death or anything's intervening, his aunt was on the job. As I said in my comment—and I'll bet the author didn't like it—"You know you can't lose a mother just casually like that. It isn't being done." In this particular instance, it would have been better to have had the mother live through the play, but, if the author thought otherwise, it was up to him to tell in his story just what happened. He was entirely wrong when he just dropped this character and substituted the aunt to take her place. One just disappeared and the other appeared and, if the play had been produced that way, the audience would just have wondered. And audiences don't want to wonder—they want to know.

And don't confine yourself to the main romance only; try to round out your play so that it will have a satisfactory finish from all angles. I have just written a comment to this effect on a script in which an elder sister sacrifices reputation for a younger, then the younger's husband returns and everything is satisfactorily settled for the younger, but the elder sister is left up in the air. Don't you think that it might occur to a playwright, even a novice, that some romance should be supplied for the older, who has created sympathy by her sacrifice? Would the average audience be satisfied with a play which left her with every prospect, as far as the play was concerned, of becoming an old maid? She was the one who had borne the blame and had really made the great appeal to the audience throughout the play, so don't you think the average audience would find the ending flat and cold unless she, too, were going to have a chance to be "happy ever after"?

It is these few indicated points that make it necessary to write and rewrite and to read and reread, until you have reviewed your script not only from your own angle, but from the angle of all the different kinds of people who you hope will some time see your play on the silver screen. Just a last word: "Don't be afraid of taking too much pains with your script. You'll probably find pleasure as well as profit in doing this."

MR. W. N., of Ithaca, N. Y.: Your script has an entertaining plot, but it would be much better if you would drop the narrative style and treat the story impersonally, in the third person. Your way of writing in the first person is very popular with the magazine editors just now, but with scenario editors, the other way still holds to make good with them. The plot should be something apart from the author. See if you cannot divorce this story from yourself, leaving out the "I" stuff and not using yourself as the hero, Mr. W. N. I think it will stand a much better chance that way.

Mr. J. D., of Urbana, Ohio: Your three two-reel Westerns are all to the good in my estimation and should stand a fair chance with the company you name. It is possible that this concern has staff writers for this type of work but, even in that case, they might buy the stories for the ideas and have them rewritten to suit their own particular style. Anyway, the chance is worth taking for the material is bright and, at least to me, new, and I won't be a bit surprised if you write me some good news. Keep at it, for you seem to have a flair for breezy Western stuff that is wild but not too brutal.

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To Jim's pitying gaze, Maddalena showed great welts, crossing and re-crossing the tender skin.

Maddalena went up to Silsburg with the cheerful trust of a child and shook hands with him.

Maddalena curled herself up on the couch close beside Jim and looked at him with adoring eyes.

He was as brave as a lion in the ring—a man who fought and won in the world of men. But he was afraid of women. And then he met The Girl, a girl as dark and as sweet as a woodland creature,

The Night Bird

By JEAN KINGSLEY

ONE after another the sparring partners of Kid Davis were carried, pulled or assisted from the fatal ring. Gleason, the manager, rolling a big cigar between appreciative lips, spoke heartily into the promoter's ear:

"The Kid certainly is in fine form."

"Yeah," answered Nate Silsburg, "you said a pocketful, Bozo. He's steel—but cold steel. That's what the public feels—he's got no warmth. You can't get 'em tearing their voices outa their guts for a machine. No personality, no *It*—if you get me. Form alone's no box-office draw. We gotta do something an' do it quick."

"Do what?"

"Wake him up, make him play—in public, you know. Gotta make personal appearances, clubs, dances, dames—"

"Dames! He won't look at them! He's a good boy—too good! He's scared of them. And to look at him, he's God's own gift to women, too."

With the affection of a father Gleason glanced at the ripple of perfect muscle playing under the white skin o fhis champion, the glitter of steely eyes, the lithe movements and splendid poise. Silsburg sighed.

"Well, we've gotta get him to New York and let him be *seen*."

So the fate of Jim Trenny—"Kid Davis" to the profession—was sealed.

Even the sophisticated habitués of Broadway's swiftest night club paused in their gayety to look at the handsome young man who walked like a somnambulist between his two companions to the most prominent table in the room. Jim Trenny was not feeling happy. He had protested against going to New York; he hated noisy music and he was deadly afraid of laughing women who clustered round for introduction whenever he appeared in public. And New York was so full of women!

This is an adaptation of Universal's screen presentation of the original story by Fred and Fanny Hatton. Earl Snell wrote the scenario and Fred Newmeyer directed, with Reginald Denny appearing as Jim Trenny, Betsy Lee as Maddalena, Sam Hardy as Gleason, Harvey Clark as Nate Silsburg, Michael Vasaroff as Mario, Alphonse Martel as Pete Rossi, Corliss Palmer as Blondie, Jocelyn Lee as Red-head, and George Bookasta as little Joe.

"Do I have to go?" he said, appealing to Gleason.

And that worthy had mumbled something about "box-office appeal and sex appeal" which had terrified the hero more than ever. And now—horror of horrors—there were two of them—girls—at the very table he was being led to. The brilliant blonde one winked at him; he turned his eyes hastily away, only to find that the red-headed one was smiling in an intimate and frightening way, straight into his face.

For a frantic moment he contemplated flight, but Nate had jerked him into his chair and Gleason was rapidly giving an order to the waiter. The Kid, victor in a score of grueling ring battles, sat stiff and upright, defying successfully the attempts of the girls to thaw him out. The blonde tipped her glass against his stubborn lips.

"Come on, Handsome, have a drink and forget your worries!"

But he took her wrist in a steely grip and firmly removed her hand, glass and all.

"I am not thirsty," he said very defiantly.

Red-head pulled him playfully to his feet and dragged him onto the dance-floor. The music struck up and he found himself the center of a whirl of close-packed bodies, moving swiftly as though he were a marionette and Red-head held the strings. Then Blondie took him over, miserable and unresisting, until Gleason, realizing by the look in his boy's eyes that he and Nate had gone pretty far, beckoned them back to the table. There Jim Trenny sat, stern and unhappy, until Red-head brought things to a climax by pulling his tall head down to her lips and whispering something that turned him suddenly rigid. He looked as though he were about to explode, and then, before the rest of the party could do or say anything, he had sprung to his feet and disappeared. Grim and hatless he stood on the steps of the club and hailed a taxi.

"Central Park," he said to the driver. "I'll tell you when to stop."

CENTRAL Park—haven of calm in the heart of the restless city, a refuge for the homeless! Jim Trenny dismissed the cab and let the peace of the night spread soft wings over his angry spirit. And then he heard a sound in the stillness—the sound of a sob.

Surely, among all the tales of wretchedness that have been sobbed out to the night-winds in that place, few were more miserable than that which Jim Trenny overheard, whispered chokily against the deep-clustered mosses in a shadowy corner.

She lay there, almost at his feet, as he turned the corner of a bushy clump, a slender girl with frail shoulders shaken by terrible crying—crying that made the listening man pause, walk a few steps past her and turn, hesitant. This was a woman, truly, but she was also a pathetic, hurt thing, and Jim Trenny's voice was very kind as he spoke to her:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

She shrank, quivering, as though a lash had been laid across those slender shoulders, and raised a pair of eyes so dark, so piteous that he remembered involuntarily the eyes of a dog he had once rescued from a cruel master.

"No, Meester," she answered, cowering back from him.

There was a pause, then he said:

"Shouldn't a little girl like you be indoors at this time of night?"

This harmless question brought an unexpected outburst. Jim Trenny found himself clasped by two small, frantic arms and a tear-stained, flower-like face, framed in a dusky cloud of hair, was turned up to his, beseechingly.

"No, Meester—no, please—do not make me go home!" Her words tumbled over each other, indiscriminately English and Italian. "See—see what Mario do to me eef I go! I no can bear any more!" To Jim Trenny's horrified indignation she pulled up her torn sleeve and showed how great red welts crossed and recrossed each other on the tender flesh. "He—Mario—my stepfather," she went on, "he no lova me—he beat me so. Please not to go back. Let me come wiz you. I gooda girl and work so much, you see!"

It was futile for Kid Davis to protest. The little waif had found a possible friend in a world that had shown her only cruelty, and nothing would make her let go of this wonderful comfort. All the way back to his apartment, she followed him, pleading with her soft, husky voice and unforgettable velvet eyes, so that finally in desperation he consented to let her come in and rest, trying to make her understand that she must go away later.

She clapped her hands when she entered, marveling at the sight of such a "gooda home". Jim Trenny watched her with growing wonder. Her artlessness appealed to him strangely, and, for the first time in his life, he had found a woman who was afraid of him, who depended upon his will. Always it had been the other way round. Of course, she must go home soon—he couldn't have her around much longer—but she was the loveliest little thing! He dismissed the thought and sat firmly down with a magazine. He would read and ignore her. But it was not so easy. With a lissom grace she curled herself up on the couch close beside him and looked over his shoulder at the pictured page. Jim Trenny firmly gave her the magazine and took a book but in a moment she was close to him again, pointing out a full-page picture of himself, Kid Davis, in fighting gear. She looked from the man to the picture and gave a soft cry of pleasure.

"Meester Jeem! So bigga—so gooda man! Why you not marree, Meester Jeem?"

"I don't want to be married," he stated. It was impossible to be angry with a girl whose eyes admired one so. They were wide with wonder now.

"But—whyee? You no lika have the little bambina to look jus' like you?" At his puzzled look she curved her arms across her young bosom as though they

For the first time since Jim and Gleason had met, hot enmity clashed in their glances.

held something very small, very precious. "Mia bambina, mia bambina," she crooned. "You no lika bambina?"

Jim Trenny's face was very wistful and very tender as he watched her.

"Yes, child," he said gently, "I love babies."

Gleason, arriving at that moment, stood spellbound in the doorway. Could this be the man of steel, the hard-hitting machine with no *It?* Why the fellow's face was positively sweet when he smiled like that! If only the public could see that expression!

Jim looked up, saw him, and the dream faded from his eyes. He blushed angrily at Gleason's quizzical look and flung out a hand toward the girl.

"I don't want her here—she simply would come. Her name's Maddalena and I can't get rid of her. You try, then."

To Gleason's stern command, calm reasoning and attempts to coax and threaten, Maddalena gave just one answer, floods of piteous tears. Jim Trenny could not stand it. He interrupted his manager and, in a rather shamefaced voice, explained:

"We needn't be rough with the kid. You see, she gets beaten at home, and you can hardly blame her for not wanting to go there. Isn't there some other way?"

Maddalena bared her pathetic little arms to Gleason's kindly eyes and waited expectantly, ready to burst into tears again at a moment's notice. The two men looked at each other over her head. Then they looked at Maddalena and Maddalena smiled. She was irresistible and they both gave up the question of her departure. Maddalena stayed. She was given Meester Jeem's pajamas and Meester Jeem's bed—and looked adorably happy and tiny in both. Meanwhile, Jim and Gleason shared the other room and tried to deliberate the thing sanely but found that they were only too apt to go off into irrelevant statements such as, "But she has such lovely hair! Did you notice it, under the light?" and, "She sure is a sweet kid! Gee, what little feet and hands!"

Finally they fell into troubled slumber, and Jim dreamed that he had kissed the back of Maddalena's creamy neck and awoke to find that it was Gleason's.

MORNING brought new problems. Maddalena had to be accounted for, somehow. They got rid of the maid who came to make the beds by frightening her with a tale of mice in the bedroom, but their relief was short-lived. They recognized Silsburg's peal on the doorbell and hastily stood on guard, one at one of the bedroom doors, one at the other.

Silsburg appeared not to notice their strained attitudes. He had tickets for the Beaux Arts Ball and he had brought costumes.

"I won't go to the Beaux Arts Ball—especially in costume!" Jim announced. "I won't go out to any more of your parties—I won't go anywhere where women are—I can't stand them!"

He advanced threateningly toward Silsburg as he spoke, but the little promoter's eyes were set in a stare behind and beyond Jim. Suddenly the fighter knew what Silsburg had seen and he turned, too. He was right in his guess. Maddalena, rosy from sleep,

her deep hair in two heavy braids on her shoulders and the happiest of smiles lighting up her face, stood in the doorway. In Jim's pajamas and dressing-gown she made the most innocently alluring picture in the world. Silsburg grinned sardonically.

"Introduce me to the lady friend," he said. Both Gleason and Trenny took a quick step forward, as though they would like to have punched that sneering smirk off Silsburg's face, but it was Maddalena who converted the smirk into a smile. She went up to the promoter with the cheerful trust of a child and shook hands with him. Silsburg, with that soft little hand still in his, turned and apologized to the other two. Maddalena's story was soon told, and Silsburg suddenly slapped his knee. "Listen! We'll get the flossiest Spanish costume for to-night and Maddalena can wear it to the ball."

"I'm not *going* to the ball," Jim said.

But Maddalena's soft lips were quivering.

"Meester Jeem—whyee? I want to go to ze ball, Meester Jeem. I can dance—oh, so well! You see? Come to ze ball, Meester Jeem, jus' to please Maddalena."

Of course, he went. They all went. But the evening did not turn out as happily as they had planned. Jim was furious at the publicity stunts that had been planned to get him into the lime-light, and, when he was surrounded by a bevy of chorus girls, all thrilled to be in the flashlight pictures which were to be taken of the champion, he had to use all his self-control to keep from being violent with them. They draped themselves against his shoulders, leaned upon his arms and clustered at his feet. And Jim raged internally and looked more coldly handsome than ever. Maddalena watched with unhappiness clouding her little face.

"I thought you do not like womans—now I think you lova them all."

"I don't even know them, I tell you. I hate them. They make me sick," the frightened champion exclaimed.

Maddalena immediately became all-protective, and, when a fresh crowd of girls flocked around her hero, she flew at the nearest offender like a little tigress and administered a sounding slap. Naturally it was returned, and, before the men knew what was happening, there was a feminine free-for-all with Maddalena in the center of the melée.

Jim waded into the conflict and emerged with Maddalena tucked firmly under one arm. In silence he put her wrap about her shoulders; in silence they reached the apartment; and then Jim proceeded to lecture the girl seriously for putting him in such a ridiculous position.

Maddalena could not stand reproach from her idol. The tears welled up in her great eyes and she pressed her hands against her heart as though the pain would choke her.

"Oh, Meester Jeem, don' be angree wiz Maddalena! Oh, w'en you angree it hurt me so—right here inside! Please not to be so angree."

Jim tried to glare at her, but she stood there so abjectly, so wistfully and pleadingly, that his eyes softened and he smiled at her. She saw that smile and with a glad cry she flung herself impulsively into his arms. The man's tenderness turned suddenly to passion and his lips sought and found her mouth. Jim Trenny was awake at last, awake to a beauty and a fierce desire such as he had never dreamed in all his years of steady self-control.

Behind them, the door swung open and Gleason entered. For the first time since they had known each other, hot enmity sprang and clashed in their glances. Trenny let Maddalena go and took Gleason's fist full on his jaw. The champion had been felled with one blow! He got up slowly, absolutely sobered after the wild intoxication of the moments before the manager had come. He put out his hand to Gleason.

"You're right, Chuck. I deserve a licking." And then he walked quietly into his room and shut the door.

Chuck Gleason looked at Maddalena. Her eyes were shining.

"I lof heem!" she said again and again. "Oh, how I lof' heem! An' he lof' me, too. I could tole when he kees me!"

The manager put a kindly hand on her shoulder.

"Listen, little girl, you mustn't feel like that. Jim forgot himself, but he's sorry now and it won't happen again."

"But I want that eet should 'appen again! I want that he should marree wiz me!"

"Jim isn't a marrying man, childie. He wants to win the big fight and keep his championship. It's bad for him to get all worked up this way. He has always sworn never to marry, and his heart is really set upon the championship and nothing else, do you understand?"

"Yes-s. Eet ees bad for Meester Jeem eef he lof' me."

"And bad for you, too, kiddie. Now be a good girl and forget it."

He scowled gloomily at his own thoughts for a moment and then went toward Jim's door. Had his thoughts been audible they might have been translated thus:

"Some fellows don't know what's worth while. If that lovely kid would only fall for *me,* now, would I be thinking of any old championship? I would not! But she can't see nothing but Jim—that darn-fool lucky devil!"

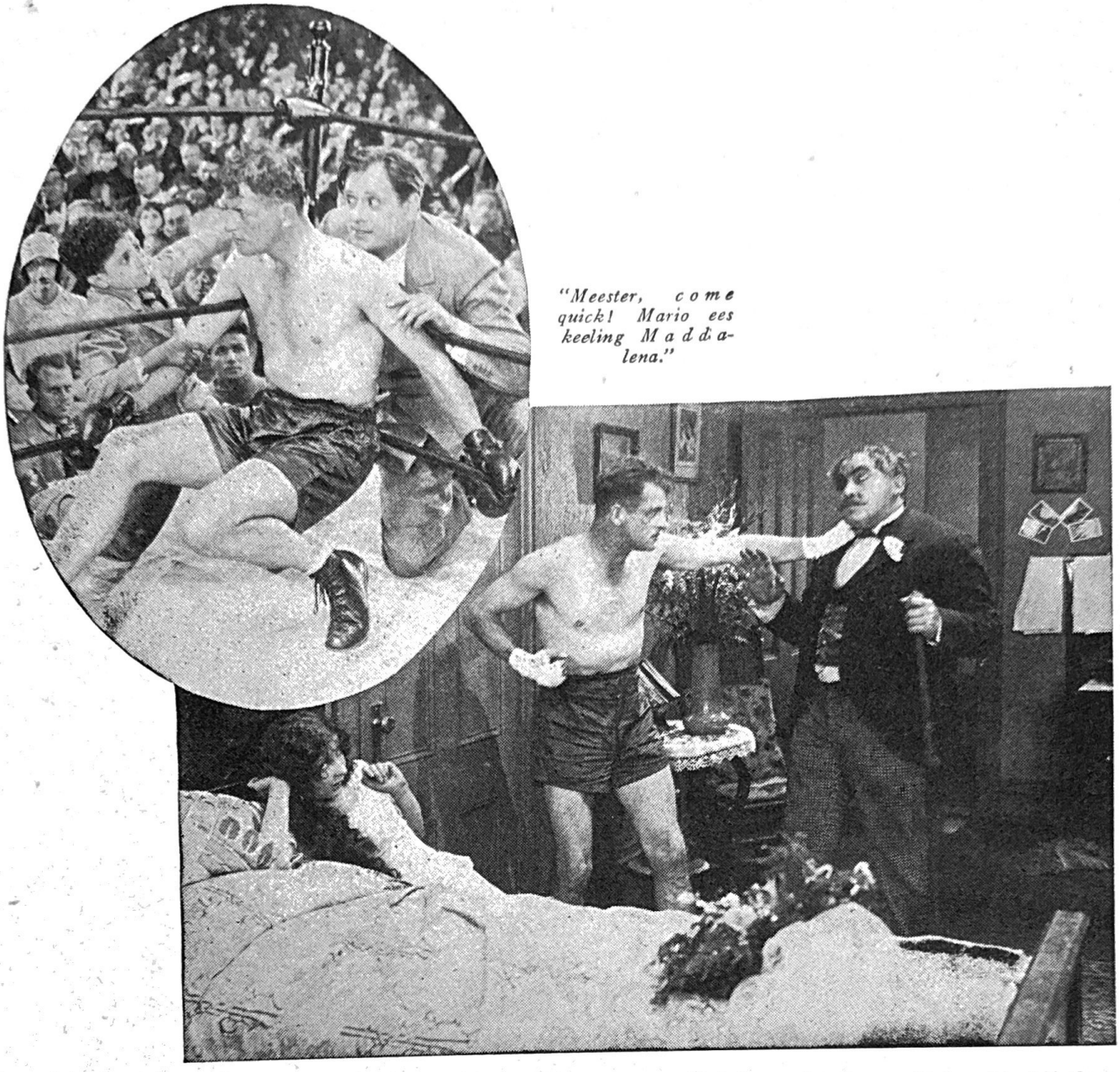
For a moment, he faced Jim in silence, and then the fighter broke out as though against his will.

"Chuck, I love Maddalena. I want to marry her. Blow the old championship! I won't let that keep me from her."

Instead of the string of reproaches he expected, he found his hand caught and wrung by the manager.

"Good boy!" Gleason shouted. "She's worth it!"

With radiant faces they hurried back into the other



"Meester, come quick! Mario ees keeling Maddalena."

The girl crouched in a corner, moaning, "No—no—no!" in a voice that would have touched the heart of anyone but a beast.

room. Maddalena was not there. Maddalena was not anywhere in the apartment. She was gone!

IN a basement kitchen of the Italian section of the city, one-eyed Mario stood threateningly over the shrinking figure of an old woman. She quavered pitifully, shuddering away from the whip he carried.

"I don' know where Maddalena has gone. I looka eveh'where. Pete, he come and wanta maree wit' her. I looka some more. She no there. See—Pete come again."

With the newcomer's entrance, Mario became all smiles and affability. Pete Rossi promised him a thousand dollars when he married Maddalena, and he essayed a paternal smile. Pete, however, glanced round for a sight of the girl and was annoyed to hear that she was out.

"What for is she out so late?" queried the suitor.

Mario's wily face hardly hid his anger as the other man rose and made for the door. But just then it opened and Maddalena appeared, Maddalena, pale and lovely, in the gorgeous Spanish costume she had worn to the ball. Her wide eyes were full of fear as they searched Mario's face; then her glance fell upon Pete's hungry stare, and she went white to the lips. Mario's cruel fingers were on her arm, his voice, under its ingratiating whine, warned her that resistance was useless. He told her that he had arranged for her to marry Pete Rossi, and his grip on her wrist forced her to nod agreement.

So it was settled, and Maddalena despairingly slipped back to her old life in the slovenly household. Day succeeded weary day, and the wedding-date came nearer.

Jim and Chuck Gleason could find no trace of her. She seemed to have melted away into the dark from which she had come. Gleason was worried and Sils-

(Continued on page 30)

She was the script clerk and he was the director. The picture was called

Forbidden Love

and, when the star interposed her will, it seemed that this title would be written at the end of one girl's golden dream

By LETA ZOE ADAMS

MAXINE'S clenched fist came down vindictively on the pommel of the saddle and her eyes, under the brim of the green felt hat, smoldered with indignation as they rested upon the two riders coming toward her across the sand hills.

She sighed and looked down at her slim, graceful figure in green, sleeveless jacket, pongee shirtwaist, linen trousers and sturdy hiking boots. To be sure, it wasn't the latest in equestrian attire as was the costume of Clora Lamont yonder.

"Oh, well!" Maxine sighed again and a tear coursed slowly down one smooth cheek.

The two riders were close now. Maxine could see Ross Huntley's features which, under the brim of his Stetson hat, looked like the profile on some rare old bronze coin.

She thought how often she had seen the emotions follow one another across those features—hate, fear, love, bitterness—the camera crank slowly turning, Ross Huntley squatted on his heels, rapping out orders to the actors in his deep, vibrant voice. They said Ross Huntley was a better actor than any of those he directed and that was one reason why he was the youngest moving picture director in Hollywood and one of the most brilliant.

He was talking to Clora, Clora who, in her spotless black and white riding attire, rode the beautiful black horse like a queen. Yes, Maxine admitted, with characteristic honesty, Clora was certainly the cream of feminine perfection. She always looked like a picture. No wonder Clora Lamont had made such a success in the movies. With her style, her hair like a golden casque, her strange, almost hypnotic topaz eyes and petulant mouth—well, what did it matter to the people who saw her on the screen whether or not she had a nasty temper?

MAXINE caught her breath angrily. Why hadn't Clora stayed at the hotel in the little desert village which was the location headquarters for the L. C. Brand Picture Corporation? That was where she belonged this morning. This trip wasn't any of her affair at all. She had simply asked herself along. Last night, before the company had turned in, Ross Huntley had said that they must ride into the sand hills early in the morning to search for a good location for the kidnaping sequence of the picture to be released to the world as "Forbidden Love".

"We'll strike out early and return before it gets too hot," he had said. "Charlie can get a few of those old scenes out of the way while we're gone."

Charlie was the assistant director. Maxine was the script clerk. It was her duty to assist both directors, to keep track of all the annoying details and, principally, to handle the scenario and check up on the scenes.

For almost a year she had worked with Ross Huntley. After searching Hollywood from cellar to attic for a position, she had been sent to him and, after a few brief questions, he had hired her as his script clerk. From the first, Maxine had fallen under his spell. She threw all her energy toward developing into a capable assistant for him and, as the months passed, he came to lean more and more upon her judgment. She helped him select locations; she talked over the casts with him; he asked her advice about difficult points in scenes. And Maxine liked nothing better than to help him. She asked for nothing for herself except his esteem. She lived for his praise alone—and to be near him. She had vowed that he should never know how she loved him.

Now she swept her hat from her head and ran her hand through her short, brown hair. If Clora really loved Ross Huntley, it mightn't be so hard. But Clora was too fired with ambition to have any room left in her heart for love. Ross Huntley, a coming "big" director could be of great assistance to a star-wife—and Clora knew it.

As the two riders reined in beside Maxine, she made an effort to appear unruffled.

"How does she look, little Ferry?" Ross Huntley always liked to pun on Maxine's name.

Maxine saw Clora Lamont's topaz eyes narrow almost imperceptibly. That kind of thing usually boded trouble as almost everyone in the "Forbidden Love" company had reason to know. Maxine answered Ross Huntley in her most business-like manner.

"I haven't been any farther than this and I don't believe there is enough level ground here. Shall we go on?"

"You say there isn't enough level ground here?" Clora Lamont's voice broke in languidly. "I don't see why. It's my opinion that some very thrilling scenes could be made on these hills, and "Forbidden

Clora was lying on the sand, her hand resting upon Ross's shoulder. Her hat had fallen to the ground and the casque of her hair gleamed like gold in the sunlight.

Love" needs all the thrills it can get. I can't run the risk of having my first starring vehicle a flop, can I, Ross?"

She turned appealing eyes up to him. Thus approached, Ross Huntley smiled down at her.

"I should say not, Clora! But, you see, Ferry and I are old hands at this game and we know about what this sequence will require."

"Of course, but I may help, mayn't I, Ross?" Clora purred. "You know I want to help you to make this picture the best of your career for your own sake more than for mine—oh, much more than for mine!"

Under her breath Maxine said "Bologna!", but she masked her sentiments under a wry little smile. Any old time Clora was interested in anyone's career more than her own!

"Then do you want to select this place for that sequence, Clora?" Ross Huntley inquired, his eyes straying critically over the sand hummocks.

"No," Clora said shortly. "I want to look farther before I make a decision." She hesitated a second. "Ross, don't you think Miss Ferry might as well go on back to the hotel? I don't see that there is any special need for her as long as I've decided to help you. And no doubt she has enough work to do back there. Charlie needs her, I'm sure."

There was a little silence in the group while a cool breeze off the high Sierras swooped down made tiny whirligigs along the ridges of the hills. Ross Huntley straightened in his saddle. movement suggested a gathering of forces.

"I asked Miss Ferry to come with me to-day," said, and Maxine thought she detected a glint in his eyes. "I need her more than Charlie

"Oh!" Before either Maxine or Ross Huntley ized what was happening, Clora had given her a smart rap with the quirt and the animal was ling across the sand hills, leaving a flurry of sand dust.

Ross looked after her a moment speculatively.

"She can't ride over this rough country like I'd better go after her. You do some more reconnoitering while I'm gone, Ferry. I won't be long."

Maxine nodded and watched until he had peared in a hollow of the hills. There was a mis before her eyes. It was apparent that Clora determined to spoil this day.

FOR some time Maxine rode about the sand alighting now and then to make more minute o servations and measurements. It was while she on one of those foot trips that she came upon She had rounded a sand hill and there they were a few feet of her. Clora was half lying on the her head resting on Ross's shoulder. Her hat

Illustration through the courtesy of Doris Kenyon and Ronald Colman.

fallen to the ground so that the casque of her hair gleamed like gold in the sunlight. Ross's arms were about her and he was kissing her!

"Don't you think you're able to ride back now, Clora?" Maxine heard Ross say—after the kiss.

"Yes, I feel—much stronger!" She reached up and pulled Ross's face down to hers again. There was another kiss and then Clora stirred and sighed. "Ross, you won't forget what I said about your script clerk, will you? I'm sure you can find a more efficient person—a girl with much more experience than Miss Ferry." Clora's perfect features lighted with the smile which had wooed countless movie fans into her charmed circle. "You know, it's for the sake of your career that I'm saying these things—only that. A script clerk can make so much difference to a director! And, Ross, I want to see you climb and climb to the very tip-top of the ladder. I want to help you."

Maxine had been fettered to the spot, but, now, recovering the use of her muscles again, she stumbled blindly to her horse. For a time she leaned weakly against the animal's side. Those kisses—Ross Huntley's kisses! Oh, Clora was clever—clever and beautiful! A deadly combination!

After a little, the two rode up to Maxine, who by this time was, to all appearances, the busy little script clerk searching a location. Clora seemed to be in excellent spirits.

"I fell from my horse," she explained artfully. "It was so awkward of me. He stumbled and, before I knew it, I was on the ground."

"Fibber!" thought Maxine. "You got off and pretended you were hurt. A man wouldn't guess the truth. It takes another woman to do that." Aloud, she said innocently, "Did you select the location for the sequence?"

Clora glanced at Maxine sharply but, detecting no hint of sarcastic intent in the expression of her face, she said in her affected drawl:

"Mr. Huntley and I selected the place!"

"What did *you* find, Ferry? Anything that looked good?" Ross inquired cheerfully of Maxine.

"No," Maxine answered. "Everything I found looked very unpromising—very." She couldn't help but smile a little at the joke which was her own secret, but in her heart there was no place for smiles.

THE little village of Limon, perched upon the very edge of the desert, was a hive of activity. Its one hotel was crowded to capacity with picture folks who overflowed to the private dwellings, too. Clora and her French maid, Cecile, had the only suite in the hotel: Maxine's room was next to Clora's bedroom. A door connected the two rooms.

The three arrived at Limon just in time for lunch. In the afternoon, Ross, with the prop men, went out to the sand hills to pitch an Arab chief's tent and arrange the location so that work could begin early in the morning. Maxine wanted to go with him but he told her she had better stay at the hotel and rest.

"To-morrow will be a grilling day out there in the hot sun."

There was a gruff note in his voice that Maxine had never noticed before when he spoke to her, and Clora's words, overheard that morning in the sand hills, came back to her. Had Clora made him think that his script clerk was not efficient? Maxine's cheeks burned with indignation. No, Ross was too sensible to listen to Clora. Yet, she was beautiful and he *had* kissed her and he had listened when she spoke. A beautiful woman could do almost anything with a man—even a man like Ross Huntley.

During the heat of the afternoon, Maxine sat on the veranda and talked with those who, like herself, were waiting to begin work. Clora was not there. The little French maid, Cecile, stole out for a few minutes to say that the star was having her beauty sleep.

When it began to cool off a little, Maxine went to her room intending to do some work on her script. For convenience, the "Forbidden Love" script was arranged in card-catalogue style. For each scene there was a card upon which was typed all the action. The catalogue was Maxine's most precious possession for, without it, the directors would be at a loss in handling the action of the scenes.

It was upon this script-catalogue that Maxine intended working this afternoon. She remembered she had left it on the stand by her bed but, when she entered the room, she found that it was not where she had left it. She searched the room hastily, but the card catalogue failed to come to light.

Maxine stood in the center of the room, puzzled and a little frightened, too. She felt sure she hadn't taken it from the room since yesterday, and, if it couldn't be found—but it *must* be found. Again she searched the room, methodically and thoroughly. What would Ross say if she couldn't find it? She wouldn't blame him for being angry. The tears started to Maxine's eyes. *Why* couldn't she find it!

She sought the chambermaid and inquired whether she had seen the precious oak box.

"I'm sure I saw it on the stand when I dusted, Miss."

That was all the woman knew about it.

Maxine ran downstairs and questioned those on the veranda. No, the card catalogue had not been seen that day.

"I didn't know you ever let that get far enough away from you to get lost," Ivan Charlton, the leading man, chided. "You always have it under your arm, hugging it as a child hugs a favorite doll."

No, the clerk at the desk had not seen the card catalogue. Maxine returned to her room and searched again, desperately, but without success.

Spiritlessly she dressed for dinner. Her lips trembled as she fastened the shoulder on the shell-pink crepe dress which the mirror told her brought a becoming glow to her skin. She had prided herself upon her efficiency and now she had lost the most precious thing that Ross Huntley had entrusted to her care. There was no duplicate for the card catalogue. All the data on every scene taken was on those cards—data scribbled there by Maxine while she watched the

(Continued on page 31)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All And Knows All—And If She Doesn't She'll Find Out

HEY, hey, "Rogers Fan", do you play a saxophone, too? Yep. Buddy was born in Kansas City and therefore is one of "us" Americans. How did he become a movie star? Well, he got the bug just as we all do—only he never got over it. Buddy graduated from the Paramount School. Can't give personal answers, "Rogers Fan". Sorry—but have you seen Buddy's latest, "Red Lips", opposite Marion Nixon?

My favorites, too, M. H. Karl Dane is a native of Copenhagen, Denmark. By the way, he recently finished a rôle in Metro-Goldwyn's "Detectives" to the hilarious amusement of us all. George K. Arthur is a product of Edinburgh, Scotland. Well, we always did prefer Scotch.

Miss Irene: Allene Ray's and Walter Miller's latest serial is "The Terrible People". Carol Lombard hails from Fort Wayne, Indiana, but has lived in Los Angeles since she was seven. Carol studied dramatic art for three years and has been in the movies for two. Her latest picture is "Show Folks". She plans to go in for talking pictures, soon. Corinne Griffith's latest is the "Divine Lady", and, oh, boy, from the advance notices, "divine" simply isn't the half of it! Why, the fair Corinne wears forty-eight different costumes. Isn't that a record, we ask you?

B.F. You can reach Clara Bow by writing the Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California, and Douglas Fairbanks at the United Artists' Studio, 1041 Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

E. J. H. The baby in "Broadway Nights", with Lois Wilson, was little Gertrude Hogan.

No, J. B. C., Frank Mayo isn't dead—that is, not that he knows of, nor that we know of, either. Reason you haven't seen him lately is because he's with the Keith-Albee Vaudeville Circuit. Write to the publicity department, care Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, for information and photographs.

Mrs. H. D. J. We surely like your taste. Green eyes—m-m-m—don't you know there are mighty few actors, either on or off the stage, who don't have green eyes—pea green or jade—at some time or other? Slant-eyed Myrna Loy probably has the naturally greenest ones. Leatrice Joy's eyes are green-brown; Julia Faye's gray-green. Mercy, I'm pretty green myself from all this—and not only the eyes! John Bowers was in stock and played leading man opposite our own Beulah Poynter, whom he married during this period of his career. He is the present husband of Marguerite de la Motte. He has never to our knowledge been a director. Sally Rand played child parts with the Kansas City Stock Company and was subsequently with the Gus Edwards Revue. She is now on the Keith-Albee Circuit.

Miss T. R.: Your favorite, Kenneth Harlan, is, at the present writing, appearing in a sketch at the Palace Theatre. I don't know how soon he will return to the screen, but the "talkies" are sure to get him before long. His peppy, little wife, Marie Prevost, is now in Hollywood, making talking sequences for "The Godless Girl." They're together again, though apart, if you get what I mean?

Miss Alice B.: Joe E. Brown, whom you liked so well in "Hit of the Show", appears again in Bebe Daniels's new picture "Take Me Home". Brown was a musical comedy favorite before going into the movies. Yes, his is an unusually expressive face. Yes, that was Gertrude Olmsted who played opposite him. I guess Gertrude can't make up her mind whether she'd like to be the type gentlemen prefer or the type gentlemen marry, so, in one picture she dons a blonde wig and in the next she appears in her own brunette tresses. Can't you recognize her in spite of color variations?

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Rush to me **Free of Charge,** list of U. S. Government **Big Pay Jobs** now obtainable. Send 2-page book telling salaries, duties, etc., with sample coaching. Tell me how I can get a position.
Name ..... Address .....

A man, out to avenge his brother, a girl, afire with love and sorrow for the death of her father—these two against the most dangerous gang that ever terrorized society, these two, the lad they called Joe and the girl they knew as

State Street Sadie

By DORIS MANTON

1

RALPH BLAKE came home from South America to find that his twin brother, Joe, had committed suicide. A letter from the dead boy gave the cause; Joe, a teller at the Second National Bank, had been "framed" by a gang of crooks, headed by Bat Patterson and a mysterious man they called "Chief", whom none of the gang had seen but who issued orders through Patterson. The bank had been robbed and a policeman killed. The gang had laid the killing at Joe's door, although he was innocent, and he, knowing that the police would not believe him, had taken his own way out. Slinky, one of the gang, came to Joe's room and greeted Ralph, who was Joe's twin, as "Joe". This gave Ralph an idea and he did not disabuse Slinky of the notion. The police came, looking for Joe, and Ralph and Slinky escaped over the roof. Ralph slipped in through a window where a pretty girl helped him escape. He promised to return some day. After he had gone, two policemen arrived and told the girl, Isobel, that her father was the policeman who was shot during the robbery. She was overcome with grief, especially when she believed that she had been the means of letting the murderer escape.

Meanwhile, Ralph had gone to Headquarters and begged the police to hide the fact of Joe's suicide from the papers so that he could take his brother's place with the gang and so find out who Bat and the Chief really were. The police agreed, and Ralph went to explain himself to the girl who had aided him. She, thinking that he was the murderer, nearly shot him, but at last he made her understand and she enthusiastically volunteered to go with him and help. He was afraid of the danger for her but she insisted. One night, hearing that Bat would be at the Rosetown Night Club, Ralph and Isobel went there. Isobel let Slinky "pick her up" and soon attracted the attention of Bat. She told him her name was Sadie and indicated that she was a gun-girl from State Street, Chicago. Bat was very much attracted to her, and displeased when Ralph, sitting at the same table, objected to the way he flirted with the girl. Isobel warned him with her eyes, but Bat's behavior made him so angry that he forgot his caution. It happened that there had been one great difference between Ralph and his brother—the fact that while Joe's eyesight had been very keen, Ralph needed glasses to read with. So, when the waiter brought the check, Ralph involuntarily drew out his glasses. He remembered, and put them back into his pocket—but not before Bat had seen.

* * * *

HE gave no sign, but his shrewd brain was busy. This was not the first difference he had noticed in Joe. The voice, the manner, a certain strength which he sensed rather than defined—and now the glasses. It was queer—he must make very sure and he must make sure soon. Perhaps if he provoked the boy to anger he would betray himself further. Bat Patterson leaned toward Isobel and kissed her full on the lips. Ralph sprang to his feet.

"Can't you see that she doesn't like your attentions? And I don't, either. And here's another thing I want to tell you, Bat—I won't stand for you hanging the killing of that cop on me! You killed him yourself—and you know it!"

"I know I did. But what of it? You're the goat and, as far as the girl is concerned, I'll do what I damn well please! Stand up, you yellow little skunk, I want to talk to you—alone!"

Ralph saw the bulge of a pistol in Bat's pocket and he knew he was facing death. Bat's eyes glinted.

"Say that again—about the cop!" he dared him.

"You—shot—that—cop!" Ralph said deliberately.

"Stop it, you two!" Isobel commanded. "Bat, you give mama that gun! It won't shoot, anyhow, because I took the cartridges out. Here they are."

She had them in her slim hand and Bat relaxed with a look of grudging admiration.

"Didn't want me to get in Dutch for drilling the boy friend in public? You're a great little girl. All right, Buddy, let's forget it. Old friends mustn't fight. But, look here, you come round to my office tomorrow evening at eight and I'll have the Chief come and talk to you. We'll have a conference and see what can be done."

"The Chief! All right, Bat—I'll be there."

A significant look flashed between him and Isobel.

THE next evening he went to the appointment with triumph in his heart. Isobel was posted outside at a little distance so that she could call the police as soon as she got his signal. But Bat was alone when Ralph entered. He smiled suavely.

This is an adaptation of Warner Brothers' screen presentation of the original story by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Archie L. Mayo directed, with Conrad Nagel appearing as Ralph and Joe Blake, Myrna Loy as Isobel, William Russell as Bat, George Stone as Slinky and Pat Hartigan as gangster.

Isobel stood there, terrified, racking her brains for some way to help Ralph.

"I think we need each other—each to take care of each," Ralph said tenderly.

"The Chief couldn't come, but he left a note for you. Here it is—read it!"

Ralph knew that his secret was out and that, this time, the cartridges had not been taken from Bat's gun. He calmly took out the glasses, put them on and read:

"If you can read this you're Joe Blake, but, if you can't read it without glasses, you're some other guy and I'm going to kill you. You wanted to see the Chief. Well, I'm the Chief. Bat."

But Bat had not counted on the quickness of the young man's hand on the trigger. Ralph had him covered before he could shoot and then, under the grim threat of that gun-muzzle, Ralph forced the cowering gangster to write and sign a confession of his part in the robbery and murder, making sure of preventing a plea that the document was forged by having Bat dab his thumb in the ink and so put a certain seal on it.

Ralph's heart sang. Perhaps his triumph made him a little careless.

Outside the toy store, Isobel had been seen by Slinky who approached her, all smiles.

"Waiting for Bat?"

"No, for Joe."

"Well, you won't see Joe. He's in conference with Bat and the Chief, and, when once they see the Chief, they never come back. So you better come out with me, girlie."

Her heart was cold with fear, but she showed no traces of it.

"All right. Only I'll have to phone and break another appointment."

She slipped into a telephone booth and called police headquarters.

"They've got him trapped! Send the emergency squad!"

When she emerged she pretended to feel faint.

"Get me a drink, Slinky! I'm all in—hurry!"

He rushed away and, as soon as he was out of sight, she ran to the toy store. To the gathered gang she displayed the card that Bat had given her.

"He's expecting me—I'll go right in."

They would have barred her way, but the written command of their leader was law. Isobel entered the office just as Bat had finished thumb-printing his confession. Ralph turned at the sudden interruption and Bat took his chance. His fist shot out, knocking Ralph down, and he sprang for the door, snatching up the incriminating paper as he ran.

He did not make for the street. Instead, he slipped back a secret panel leading to a tiny inner office and listened through his peep-hole to the conversation of the two he had left behind.

"I'll get that paper if I have to die for it!" Ralph said, and then Bat heard Isobel's clear tones:

"I'm so sorry. I thought you were in danger. The police are coming in a minute anyway."

"Good! You get into that closet and don't come out till I slide a piece of paper under the door. There'll be shooting—"

Bat heard the closing of the door and Ralph's departing footsteps. He stole from his hiding place with a grin of victory and carefully slid a paper under the door to Isobel's closet. She opened to him at once, and her face paled as she saw the big gangster.

He forced her back and entered after her.

"Now, you little double-crossing cat, when the boy-friend comes back he'll find me welcoming him with a gun!"

They waited in tense silence, Isobel racking her brain for some way of warning Ralph. They heard the scream of sirens, the chug-chug of many motorcycles, the crash of the shop door as the squad entered and a fierce fusillade of interchanging shots. The gang was at bay. Then a piece of paper slid under the door and Bat threw it open. Ralph's hands lifted over his head, but, at that moment, Isobel acted.

She kicked Bat hard on the shins, and he dropped his gun to clasp the injured leg. Ralph was on him in a second. Back and forth they reeled and fought. The heavy feet of policemen were heard pounding up the stairs. Bat suddenly ceased fighting and rushed from the room, making for the roof. Ralph followed, hot on his heels. The roof was thickly posted with cops and they opened gunfire upon the gangster. He knew that his last moments had come and, with a sudden surge of desperation, he shouted:

"You've got me, boys! But you'll never take me alive!"

For a moment his big figure stood outlined against the sky and then he leaped. From down below in the street came the sound of a shout, a dreadful thud and then—silence.

The mysterious Chief, ghost-leader with whom Bat had terrorized his gang, was dead. The gang had been rounded up, and two innocent victims of that gang's savagery had been avenged. Ralph Blake stood close beside his plucky partner.

"I think we need each other—each to take care of each," he said tenderly. "Shall we?"

And he had his answer in her kiss.

Lonesome

(*Continued from page 7*)

She couldn't bear it! She couldn't. Her two little fists beat upon the wall.

"Stop it!" she cried chokily. "Oh, stop—stop!"

Jim had come home, too. He had thought that New York was a lonesome place before, but now—now—it was ever so much more desolate. He sat down and fumbled through the records of his phonograph. Yes, there it was, the tune he was looking for. Maybe if he played it he could shut his eyes and imagine that Mary was in his arms again. "I'll be loving you always, always!" Oh, where was she now—Mary? Somewhere in the crowded ways of the Big City—lost to him—looking for him. "I'll be loving you always, always—"

From the next room came a hurried movement, the pounding of little fists upon the wall and a choky, sweet voice:

"Stop—oh, stop—stop!"

Jim heard it. His eyes filled with a bewildered, astonished stare. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and made for the corridor. The door next to his was unlocked and he flung it open. A small, pathetic figure was crouched down on the edge of the bed, two tearful lovely eyes looked up into his.

"Mary!"

"Jim—oh, Jim!"

And the forgotten phonograph went on with its prophetic message:

"I'll be loving you always, always!"

Reaction

By MOREN McKINLESS

I worry when I see you frown,
I'm sorry when you're blue,
But, when you're gay, I'm always glad,
For then I'm happy, too.

Driftwood

(*Continued from page* 14)

the weeks of drinking by which he was undermining it. Johnson was strong, but a lifetime of dissipation had taken its toll. Finally a clean blow from Jim sent him reeling down the steps of the shack almost into the arms of his astonished henchmen, Lopez and "Doc" Prouty. The beaten man drew his gun and was about to rush back when Chris Lopez caught his arm.

"Don't do it, Chief—get into trouble. There's a better way." He whispered into Johnson's ear and the boss nodded. All three went back toward the Casino.

Daisy's eyes were shining as she faced Jim, but his were hard. He took out ten dollars and laid them on the table.

"Thought I was entirely a yellow pup, didn't you? Well, I've shown you I'm not. And we're square on the ten dollars, too. You can stay and use my name and my house as long as you want. I'm leaving on the steamer, sailing at midnight."

Daisy Smith's face paled and her eyes looked very big and appealing but he did not look at her. When he had turned on his heel and gone, she looked down at the wedding-ring that circled her finger. Then she laughed—a choking little laugh, more like a sob.

AS Jim Curtis passed through a clump of trees on his way to the wharf, three men suddenly leaped upon him, a gag was thrust into his mouth and he was carried into Johnson's office. There the bonds were taken from his hands and the gag removed. Johnson stood over him with his revolver in his hand.

"You got in my way, Curtis and now—you're going to be put out of it—for good. I'm going to send you out to the leper colony by the next boat and then I'm going to bring the girl here." The manager did not hear a gasping little cry from the door or the pad-pad of soft brown feet that sped away from the house and down the sandy road that led to the shack. Neither did Jim Curtis. Johnson thrust him into a closet and locked the door. "You'll wait there till I'm ready to take you out," he said grimly.

Daisy's startled eyes widened with sudden fear as she heard what Lola, Johnson's woman, had come to tell her.

"You say he has him there? The leper colony? No—of course I don't want to take your place with Johnson, foolish one! Come—hurry! I'll fix it."

She sped away to the Casino, but her pretty, pert little face showed no signs of agitation as she confronted the man who held her husband prisoner.

"Hello, Big Boy!" She greeted him, "I guess I was a little fool this evening. But it's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know. I chased Curtis out right after you left—I'm tired of the little waster. What I want is a real man—you, if you like."

Jim Curtis, listening through the thin panels of the locked door, heard and writhed. So this was the girl he might have loved—*this!* He could hear Johnson's pleased chuckle and gathered that Daisy was coming near, wreathing slim arms about the man's bull-neck—kissing him, perhaps. Then there was a sudden change in his face, for the girl's voice had rung out, clearly and strongly:

"Hands up! Now, you big bully, tell me where you've put my husband!"

Under the threat of that sinister gun in the girl's unfaltering hand the door was opened and Jim stepped out. With a swift push Johnson was shoved into the closet where Jim had been confined. There, kick and shout as he would, there was not a chance that he would be released for some time—his henchmen were likely to think that Curtis was the captive and would not attempt to open the door.

Then, side by side, the boy and girl ran down through the starry night toward the wharf. Jim had already arranged with the Captain to work his passage, and Daisy had enough in her slim purse to pay a nominal fare.

The horn blared and the steamer slowly edged away from her berth. Daisy, standing by the rail, found the boyish eyes of her young husband fixed upon her with a curiously longing look.

"Where are you going—after we reach Sydney?" he asked.

"Wherever you go—if you want me," she said softly.

Gotham Gleanings

(*Continued from page* 8)

While seeking Peachie's favors,
They get into a fight.
'Tis Eddie who's the victor,
Of that there's not a doubt;
For with a punch ferocious
He knocks his foeman out.

Poor Eddie is arrested
With none to go his bail;
Then Peachie to the rescue
To keep her gob from jail!

She smears her reputation,
Pretending that she's bad
And that she vamped the sailor
With all the *It* she had.

The judge gives Eddie freedom,
He says the gal's to blame,
And Peachie leaves the courtroom,
Engulfed in bitter shame.

But Eddie learns that Peachie
Has made her sacrifice
Because she means to save him,
No matter what the price.

So Eddie takes his Peachie
Into his warm embrace
And kisses both the dimples
That decorate her face.

'Tis quite a lively movie
And not half bad, you know;
Chic Clara Bow is splendid,
And so is Clara's beau!

LARRY SEMON

In Memoriam

By MAURICE V. BOCHICCHIO

'Twas not so many months ago
When sad-eyed patrons found delight
In each caprice, amusing, bright,
That washed away their frowns of woe.

Men wept so easily—but you
Would draw a laugh till all cares strayed
From wrinkled brows of man and maid,
Though near your heart a soft pain grew.

Thus laughter echoed shore to shore
And died away as evening fell—
A gold star blinked; a sobbing knell
Hushed Hollywood's productive roar.

We have known men whose smiling eyes
Were overcast with shades of gloom
At sight of life's descending doom,
But thine in death shone merry, wise.

So gentle tears and sunny smiles may blend
When fate directs the tragedies of earth;
And now the living shadow of your mirth
Flashes across the screen and writes THE END.

The Night Bird

(*Continued from page* 21)

burg was furious, for all Jim's energy seemed to have disappeared. His fighting had become a mere formality; his heart was not in anything. Day succeeded weary day and the date of the championship fight came nearer.

In spite of threats and taunts, Maddalena had refused to tell Mario where she had been during the two days and nights she had been away. Only to little Joe, her ten-year-old cousin, did she pour out the story of her adventure and her hungry heart.

The wedding was fixed for the very same evening that Jim Trenny, alias Kid Davis, was to fight for his threatened crown. Mechanically the girl went through the preparations for the event, donning the white gown and the snowy stockings, dragging her weary mind through the routine of preparing the wedding feast.

It was not until they brought the lace veil with its coronet of orange blossoms that Maddalena rebelled. "No—no—*no!*" she cried. "I cannot—I weel not marree heem!" They called Mario and told him, and Mario came to her, his hand gripping the thonged whip. Maddalena's eyes blazed, but her voice was steady. "No—no—I weel not—I weel not!"

The whip rose and fell. Maddalena shuddered, and a cry broke from her. Little Joe heard it and understood. He cudgeled his young brain. What could he do? What *could* he do? He wasn't big enough to fight Mario, but—but—there was someone who was!

IN the great arena, the bell had rung for the first round of the big fight and Kid Davis was fighting like a machine—but like a machine that lacks guidance. The skill was there but the heart was not, and the fans began to hiss and boo him. The challenger forced the fighting all the way, and, while Silsburg cursed, Gleason chewed his big cigar and prayed that his champion would wake up and do something.

It was the end of the seventh round. Kid Davis had been down twice, but his marvelous form had saved him from staying down for the count. Silsburg was calculating losses; Gleason was sunk in despair; nothing could save the fight now—not with the Kid acting as though he didn't care.

The intermission before the eighth round came. Kid Davis took his corner, his face lifeless, his movements heavy. Suddenly there was a commotion in the aisle, a small figure wriggled through the packed ringside seats and a flushed face, under tangled black curls, was thrust between the ropes. Kid Davis came out of his lethargy to hear a shrill boy-voice shouting:

"Hurry and feenish eet—Meester! Mario—he keel Maddalena! You mus' come queeck!"

The gong sounded and Jim leaped to his feet. Maddalena at the mercy of that brute! He would have left the ring then and there, but he realized that he must finish the fight—the game was there to be played as a sportsman should play it—to the end.

The crowd realized that something had happened. This was the champion they knew—and something more—not steel alone, now, but steel and fire and the very heart of a man! They shouted madly as the hard gloves smacked home, blow after blow, hard and swift and true. Suddenly there was the fiercest yell of all. The challenger, caught fairly on the point of the chin, staggered and fell. The referee began to count—eight—nine—ten! He raised the hand of Kid Davis in the air and the crowd went wild. But Jim wasn't waiting for anything but escape. He tore himself away from the pressing congratulations and, throwing on an overcoat, sped down the dark streets beside the racing figure of little Joe.

Maddalena was crouched in a corner. The white dress was torn and showed long, cruelly red marks across the girl's slender contours. She was saying, "No—no—no!" in a moaning voice that should have touched the heart of anyone but a beast. The door crashed open, the blows miraculously ceased and suddenly she found herself lifted in strong tender arms, lifted and held to a beating heart, the heart of her hero and her lover. Mario had been struck to the ground with one shrewd blow and lay there, afraid to rise. But Jim and Maddalena had forgotten him. There was no one else in the world but just they, themselves!

(*Continued from page 24*)

scenes unfold before the camera; all the information for the unshot scenes was there. It was too terrible!

ROSS and Clora and Charlie were already seated at the table when Maxine made her late appearance. Avoiding Ross's eyes, she slipped into the vacant chair. She waited until the meal was almost over before telling him about the loss of the card catalogue.

"I have searched everywhere. I know I left it on the stand by my bed," she ended firmly.

There was a general gasp of consternation. All three realized the gravity of the situation. Then Clora Lamont shrugged her shoulders and helped herself to another frosted cookie.

"Carelessness! Pure, unadulterated carelessness!" she drawled.

A pucker came between Ross Huntley's brows.

"I don't quite get this, Ferry. You've always been so careful. Is the heat bothering you out here?"

"Of course not!" Maxine laughed shakily. "I'm sure I can't understand it, either. Why, Mr. Huntley, I wouldn't lose that card catalogue for anything in this world. But it's gone and we'll be needing it early to-morrow morning."

"It's a ticklish business," Ross said slowly. "Of course, I have my working script but it isn't complete like the catalogue. Miss Ferry, are you sure you left it on your stand?"

Maxine was careful to notice that he had called her by the more formal title of "Miss" Ferry. That was a thing Ross Huntley hadn't done for months! He *was* angry at her—very much so!

"I am as sure as anyone can be," Maxine answered stoutly.

"But it couldn't get away," Ross Huntley insisted. "You must have done something with it and forgotten about it. Please try to think, Miss Ferry. You know, of course, that the loss of that card catalogue means crippling the picture temporarily, perhaps—"

"I know," Maxine murmured miserably.

"Do you recall what I told you to-day, Ross?" Clora reminded softly. "Why don't you take my advice before anything worse happens?"

Ross Huntley moved uneasily. The pucker between his brows deepened to a furrow. His fingers drummed the table.

"I don't know what we're going to do," Charlie spoke up. There was no sympathy in his voice.

Maxine watched Ross's face. Was he going to tell her he no longer needed her services—after all these months of happiness by his side? Was he going to take Clora Lamont's advice? To-morrow she would be in Hollywood looking for work again—shut forever from his presence! She asked so little. Yet Clora, who had so much, begrudged her even that. A flood of resentment toward Clora surged like a tide over Maxine and with it came a resolution to fight—to fight for her place beside Ross Huntley. Suddenly she leaned across the table toward Ross, her brown eyes flashing with determination; her small chin was firm.

"I know the cards almost by heart, Mr. Huntley. *I* can direct the scenes!"

"*You* can!" Charlie and Clora gasped in unison.

Maxine ignored them and kept her eyes fixed upon Ross.

"For a year I've worked under you, Mr. Huntley. I know your methods thoroughly. I have talked with Mr. Laud, who wrote the script, and know just what his ideas are. I took those ideas down on my cards from his dictation. The action of the whole sequence is perfectly clear in my mind. I know I can do it successfully!" She paused for breath, then went on quickly, "And if I fail, if the sequence is a flop, well, then I'll know that the L. C. Brand Corporation can make no further use of my services!"

"I can't allow you to do it," Ross snapped. "You are—it is impossible."

He moved back his chair and stood up. Without addressing Maxine again, he went off toward the lobby with Clora.

"YOU'VE sure gotten the company—and Ross—in a mess," Charlie said shortly, as he, too, rose from the table. "I don't know what he'll do about it. Good grief, Miss Ferry, why did you choose the last day to lose that script?"

"I had so much to say about it!" Maxine flashed. "Oh, I wish he'd let me direct the scenes! I'm sure I could do it!"

"Applesauce!" Charlie retorted disgustedly. He thrust his hands into his pockets viciously and walked away.

Later, from her window, Maxine heard music and songs and laughter on the veranda. Someone in the company had a guitar and someone else had a fine baritone voice. Maxine pressed her hot forehead against the pane. Down below there was gaiety—happiness. If Ross sent her away, would she ever again feel like singing?

From beyond the partition came another sound—muted, broken sobs. Other people besides herself suffered from Clora Lamont's displeasure. Poor Cecile!

A long time later, Maxine was still sitting by the window when the phone tinkled. As she took down the receiver, Ross Huntley's voice came over the wire to her.

(Concluded in Moving Picture Stories dated November 27.)

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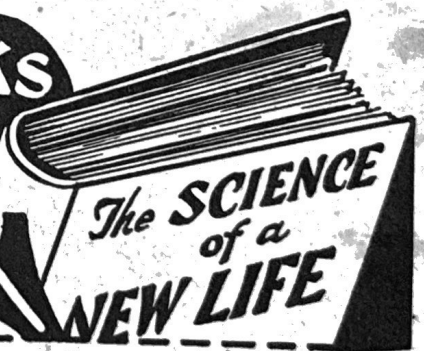

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